



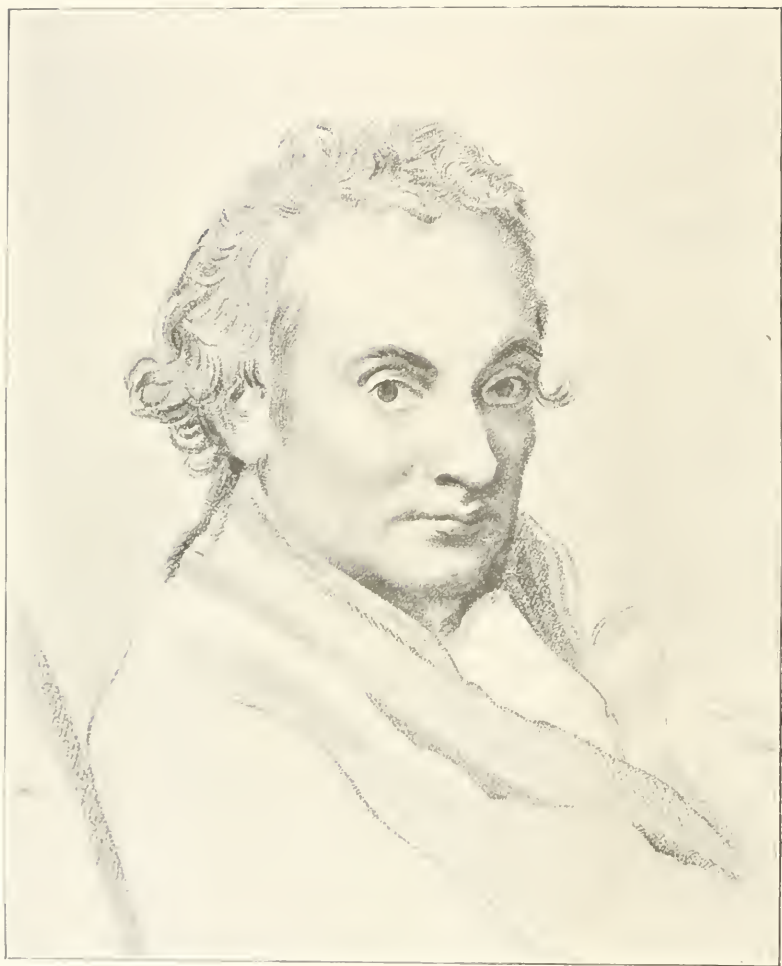
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GEORGE ROMNEY.

From a portrait by himself painted at Eurytham.

The Hampstead Annual.

1901.

Edited by GREVILLE E. MATHESON
And SYDNEY C. MAYLE.

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Drawn from an original water-colour sketch by A. W. BENTLEY

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Sir Walter Besant.

BY S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE.



HE dwellers in Hampstead may well be expected to share with particular acuteness the grief of the English-speaking world at the death of Sir Walter Besant ; for he had lived for many years among them and lost no opportunity of showing that he loved the place of his abode. Our readers will doubtless remember the graceful and cordial preface which he contributed to the first number of the *Hampstead Annual*.

Sir Walter Besant was born at Portsmouth sixty-four years ago. His early education at Portsmouth was somewhat intermittent, but he was soundly grounded in classics before proceeding to Stockwell Grammar School, where he won many prizes in every department of schoolboy learning. From this school he went to King's College, London, where he was again a great prize-winner, closing his career there by securing a Mathematical Scholarship at Christ's College, Cambridge. A successful student's career at the university was rewarded by a good place in the mathematical tripos. He was eighteenth wrangler, but his degree hardly indicated his

right position, for he spent a great deal of time reading for double honours. From a small boy a hard worker, he read much and in many directions during hours when his comrades were playing, for his short sight prevented him from taking a prominent part in athletic pursuits ; though at Cambridge he became fond of rowing and pulled bow in his college boat. It seems to have been by accident rather than by natural bent that his attention was turned to mathematics. Certainly his love of literature, his devotion to historical and antiquarian research, and his keenness in tracing the ethical developments of his fellow-men—the influence upon them of heredity and environment—seem to mark him out rather as a student of the humanities than of the abstract sciences. He always regretted that he had not continued to read classics when at Cambridge, and made rather light of his mathematical powers, which were so considerable that in many men they would have dictated a career. But his classical teaching, which had been begun well, had been neglected, while he received the best mathematical training.

It had been his intention to enter the Church, the choice of profession having been made for him by his parents, but as the time came near for his ordination he found his distaste for Holy Orders to be insuperable, and in 1861, after a brief experience as an under-master at Leamington, he applied for and obtained a Government appointment as professor of mathematics in the Royal College of Mauritius. He held the post for six years, resigning in 1867 partly through ill-health, but partly because he was disinclined to return to a sphere of work which had become uncongenial. The Royal College of Mauritius at the time that Besant was an officer of the institution was not a fortunately-conducted

place, and the prevalent atmosphere of quarrelling inspired him with a distaste for further work in it—a distaste so distinct that he refused to return as Principal of the College, when the post was offered to him by the Government.

Almost immediately upon his return to England he had what he always considered to be a remarkable stroke of good fortune. Being for the moment unemployed, he became closely associated with the group of scholars and explorers who founded the Palestine Exploration Fund, and by them was appointed secretary—a position which he held for upwards of twenty years, only resigning it to become honorary secretary in the year 1886. His friend, Mr. Morris Colles, has recorded the value of Besant's work to the Palestine Exploration Fund. During the years in which the Survey of Western Palestine was in progress Mr. Colles was living with Professor Palmer, the great orientalist, who edited this Survey with Besant, and he testifies to the profound and critical knowledge over an amazingly wide field of learning that Besant would display. Palmer, of course, was supreme as an orientalist, but in all else Besant's help was invaluable. His extraordinary power of application was perhaps as much displayed in connection with the Palestine Exploration Fund as in any part of his life-work. The Fund, which has done such admirable service in illustrating and verifying the Scriptures, had in him a literally indefatigable servant. He managed the office, edited the Transactions, and wrote the hand-books; and it was always a source of regret to him that he had never been to the places with whose topography he was so familiar. The work that was done by the Palestine Exploration Fund during Besant's term of office—which work is now being ably carried on by his successors—amounted almost

Sir Walter Besant.

to revision of the historical parts of the Bible, so numerous were the discoveries, and so pregnant their meaning, and their bearings upon the history of Holy Writ.

It had been Besant's intention when he returned to England to devote himself to a literary career, for which he felt that he had a strong bent, and to follow which had been one of his earliest aspirations ; and happily his appointment as Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund formed no check to his ambitions. He had used his leisure in Mauritius in reading the great English and French masters of literature, and had already written much both in prose and verse, in the desire to master his pen. He believed that he had it in him to win his way to the front as a writer, and at the earliest opportunity he published a volume of studies in Early French Poetry. This book met with success, and was followed by a chance contribution to the *Daily News* which brought him an encouraging introduction to the editor of that paper. Next came a volume entitled "The French Humourists," which displayed him as that very rare person in the seventies, a man who could read and appreciate Rabelais. Then came the auspicious start in fiction.

It was in 1872 that a chance contribution to *Once a Week* introduced him to James Rice, at that time editor of the magazine. The story has often been told how Besant called on Rice to remonstrate with him for publishing an article in the magazine which was full of misprints, the author's proof having miscarried. The interview led eventually to Rice inviting Besant to collaborate with him in a serial novel. The book was "Ready Money Mortiboy." It was a success, and was followed by a real triumph—"The Golden Butterfly."

During the next ten years the joint authors produced a series of ten novels which won them immediate popularity, and a permanent place in English letters. An enormous amount of conjecture has been expended over the respective shares of the two novelists in their admirable stories, and to this conjecture no absolute end can be put, as the only two persons able to separate the compounds into their respective elements are dead without communicating their formula to the world. But this much may be said. The books were truly written in collaboration, though here and there a scene is painted which was outside Besant's experience, or a place described to which Rice had never been. In every case the first draft was, I believe, in Besant's handwriting, though the plot was not necessarily his original idea. The scheme of each book was decided upon by them both before the draft was made, and every chapter was debated between them, the emendations and developments that followed being such as were approved by both. From a literary point of view, therefore, each wrote every word. It is completely unfair to relegate, as some have done, all the scholarship and graceful fancy to one partner, and all the broad humour to another. Something of the share that each played in the collaboration might be guessed by reading Rice's separate work and Besant's many novels written after the death of Rice in 1882, but the inference made would be misleading, for each man exercised an influence on the other. And one thing must be remembered—Besant's work in collaboration was done when he was young and fresh. Crudity of execution might be expected, but sprightly fancy and gay imagining would necessarily be more natural in the young novelist basking in new successes, than in the busy man of letters and practical philanthropist upon

Sir Walter Besant.

whom the cares of middle age have come. There is a very natural reason why the bubbling gaiety of the first ten volumes was not present in the later ones, and that reason is not the early death of Besant's partner, but the normal developments of Besant's life.

Of all Sir Walter Besant's public work none has been so much discussed as his connection with the Society of Authors. About eighteen years ago a group of men met in Mr. W. B. Scoones's chambers in Garrick Street to form a Society of Men and Women of Letters. Exactly what they were going to do they hardly knew, though they started with a short programme of three objects—(1) The maintenance, definition, and defence of literary property ; (2) The consolidation and amendment of the laws of domestic copyright ; (3) The promotion of international copyright. On these lines a prospectus was produced and the adhesion was sought of all who lived by literature. Besant was the preliminary chairman during the organisation of the society, and to his untiring efforts and never-failing enthusiasm such measure of success as was obtained was due. He had first-hand experience of printing accounts, gained at the office of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and through the publication of the earliest work by Besant and Rice at its authors' risk ; while he had also acquired knowledge of certain practices that were then in vogue among publishers of the baser sort, so that he knew, if a little vaguely, in which direction the association should begin its work, and he was able to give a reason for the enthusiasm with which he infected others. It is not belittling the part which the first council and committee of the Society of Authors played to say that they almost all gave their original adherence "to oblige Besant." Later he was able to show them, and a large proportion of the literary

world, that to support the Society of Authors made for the benefit of all ; but at first it was Besant's personality that kept the Society together. He was loved as well as respected. He had gone to the top of the literary profession with a few quick strides, and success had made no difference to him ; the absolutely genial, unassuming nature of the man remained unaltered. When such a man initiates a movement, a response may be obtained that is quite surprising to many who have seen noisier and more declamatory efforts fail. All Besant's friends followed him because they knew the man, and therefore knew that there was no suspicion that he was doing the thing for his own aggrandisement. They felt that it was his sense of justice and his desire to be helpful that inspired his actions, and were ready to follow where he was leading, even though the direction was, as he has said, not quite clear even to himself. This is the sense in which it may truly be said that Besant founded the Society of Authors.

He was generally accused of a sweeping hatred of publishers, especially by those who had not read either his words or the publications of the Society. The accusation was an ignorant and short-sighted one. What he said was that ordinary business routine cannot possibly be opposed to the production of artistic matter, and that to make clear the principles which underlie or should underlie the commercial relations of the author and the publisher was in no sense to degrade the calling of letters. The earliest work done by the Society of Authors which brought this association any popularity was inspired by Besant. He made it clear that the publishing world—like every other trade and profession—contained a few unscrupulous persons. The impunity of these persons was due to their assertion that many of their methods

were trade-customs in the publishing world. Besant declared at once that, if this were so, trade-customs which allowed people to carry on a life of fraud ought to be discontinued by all publishers. It is not likely that anyone will be found to disagree with this view, while it is difficult to believe that any right-minded judgment could consider it as dictated by sweeping hatred of all publishers.

Sir Walter Besant was chairman of the Society of Authors on three separate occasions, his last tenure of office lasting from 1887 to 1892. Until the day of his death the affairs of the Society formed an integral part of his life, and while he was chairman the amount of time that he cheerfully spent upon its business is well-nigh incredible. During his last and longest tenure of the chair he went three or four days in the week for four years to the office of the Society, prepared to discuss every imaginable point of difficulty, with the secretary or the committee of management, and to grant an interview to any one whose business, it seemed to him, gave him or her a right to ask to be seen. Nothing was too large for him to go through with ; nothing was too small for him to attend to that bore upon the profession of letters. And he took no credit to himself for the enormous sacrifices of his time and the unceasing call upon his thoughts ; on the contrary, if an opportunity occurred, he gave other people the praise. It fell to my lot to accompany him to America in 1894, when we attended the Authors' Congress at Chicago as representatives of the Society. Besant made a long statement to an enthusiastic audience concerning the fortunes of the Society of Authors. He described its small beginnings, its early struggles, its good fortune in obtaining from the first the support of influential men ; he spoke with pride

Sir Walter Besant.

of the strides already made, and with hope of future developments ; he allotted large credit to everyone who had ever done any work for the Society ; but he entirely omitted to say—even to suggest—that he had been the prime mover in its affairs from the beginning, that he had initiated its policy, moulded much of its fortunes, that he had advanced money whenever necessary, and had toiled hour after hour and day after day at self-imposed tasks in its behalf.

In 1892 Sir Walter Besant resigned the chairmanship of the Society of Authors, and soon afterwards he made a start upon the hardest work of his life, "The Survey of London." His acquaintance with London was very close, and his admiration for the capital—for her institutions and for the great part she has played in the national history—was unbounded. That he should acquire and assimilate all that scholarly and antiquarian research could teach him of London, was not so surprising as was his great familiarity with the external features of the city. How did a man who rarely walked in the streets at a less pace than four miles an hour, and was quite shortsighted, contrive to know where the best views could be had of quaint façades, where there were particularly splendid iron railings, where there were especially hideous gargoyles? Anyone who has ever tramped about the streets with him knows that the list of attractions that he had to point out could be increased indefinitely, and the things that Besant knew about London were not in books. That he did his best, however, to put them into his Survey, we may be sure. For the last five or six years of his life he worked daily at the offices of Messrs. A. & C. Black upon this Survey, and shortly before he died he said that he considered the hardest part of his task was over.

His original design had been to bring "Stow's London" up to date, but the enormous masses of information that he acquired in so many diverse directions, led him gradually to modify his scheme. He left himself as his contribution to the work the writing of the story of London up to the end of the nineteenth century. This was to be supplemented in all necessary ways by articles from specially qualified contributors. The amount of writing that he took upon himself was little short of appalling, and his own part was, I believe, complete in manuscript, as well as partly printed, at his death. The work, therefore, when it appears, must always be associated with Besant's name, and can be completed in accordance with his design. To bring the work down to the end of the nineteenth century and close it with the death of Queen Victoria, was what he hoped to accomplish. It may not be possible to do this, but the history of London is a thing that never has an end. The end of the nineteenth century is only a convenient date for taking breath—a suitable spot for a new writer to commence at. If this particular point is not reached by Besant's Survey, the narrative can be broken off at some earlier place, and the history, within the compass of its dates, will remain equally valuable.

In 1895 Besant was knighted, in recognition of his prominent position in the literary world and of the practical good that he had done with his pen. That the distinction was due to him was allowed on all hands, and the occasion was the signal for an outburst of ardent esteem for the man and his works. A banquet of congratulation was held at the Holborn Restaurant, which was attended by a representative company; and Sir Walter Besant seized upon the occasion to make an eloquent and characteristic speech repudiating any

personal honour to himself, and attributing the fact that he had been made a knight entirely to Lord Rosebery's desire to show an interest in literature.

His health did not begin to fail until the last year of his life, nor was he, to all appearances, seriously ill until the spring of this year. But the complaint from which he suffered was one for which but little could be done at his age, and his decline during the three weeks preceding the end was rapid.

Sir Walter Besant married in 1874 Mary Garratt, daughter of Mr. Eustace Forster-Barham, of Bridgwater, by whom he leaves four children—two sons, who were fighting with our army in South Africa at the time of their father's death, and two daughters. His home life was a singularly happy and peaceful one; his contentment in it and his absorption in his work made him an infrequent figure in society.

I have attempted nothing in the nature of a critical estimate of Sir Walter Besant's literary work. Most of the things that I have put down are common knowledge, some he told me, some I could not but observe, and most of them I have already recorded. I would not have undertaken to sit in judgment upon the artistic and scientific life-work of Sir Walter Besant, for two reasons: firstly, because I have not the qualifications, and secondly, because in his case exposition and explanation are unnecessary. Sir Walter Besant's views of art were as simple and straightforward as his views of life. His characters tell their stories without subterfuge, and develop themselves in so doing, while the lessons of courage and charity which they teach leap to the eyes. The books from his single pen, written both before and after the death of his collaborator, speak for him and show him to be a foremost figure in Victorian literature;

while in no case does his point of view require to be made clear—what he would have his readers to know there can be no mistake about. Almost without exception, Sir Walter Besant's biographers have recognised with affectionate zeal the high claims of the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Revolt of Man," and "Dorothy Forster"—the author's own favourite book.

I may seem, in this sketch of Sir Walter Besant's life, to have described his work at the Society of Authors with a detail that is out of proportion to the references made to the purely literary side of his career. I have not done so without reason. His books speak for him; but concerning his work at the Society of Authors, with which I happen to be familiar, he himself was always silent, and those of his critics who spoke were generally mistaken. Let me close with the words of two of our leading men of letters of to-day, which show how high in their estimation their dead comrade stood.

Mr. George Meredith, in allusion to Sir Walter Besant's acceptance of knighthood, wrote as follows:—

"A title is more than a thing of air when it stands for the nation's acknowledged debt to the man consenting to bear it, the distinction of whom, in the present case, will be a perpetual reminder of his labours on behalf of young authors, and his devotion to the interests of his fellow-craftsmen. Most heartily do I applaud him, with envy of his admirable persistency, his constant good temper and spirit of fairness to opponents in the struggle. If any further elements go to the making of a champion, he possesses them, for he has won the gratitude which breathes of its cause of existence, and the honour which only a common national accord can give."

Mr. Anthony Hope, chairman of the Society of

Sir Walter Besant.

Authors, on the occasion of Sir Walter Besant's death, wrote on behalf of himself and the executive of the Society :—

“It is to be hoped that a worthy memorial of him may be set on foot. But there would be none that he himself would value so much as the continued and growing usefulness and prosperity of the Society. That is the only reward he ever looked to receive for all his labours. One other he did receive, which at this time it is permissible to express to those dear to him in the name of his brother authors. The loyalty and love of his comrades in literature—not least of the younger men and women whom he welcomed so cordially and appraised so generously—were his without stint in his lifetime, and follow him in affectionate sorrow beyond the grave.”

Sir Walter Besant's fame as novelist, historian, and antiquary, can with confidence be left to itself—his public work has been publicly appraised. I have tried in this brief and necessarily inadequate notice rather to show how Besant was beloved by his fellow-craftsmen, and how he spared no pains in his zeal on their behalf.





The Play Angel.

By MAUDE EGERTON KING.

Author of "Studies in Love," etc.



LIFE had gone very hardly with Gaffer Goodman. It had been very nearly all work and no play. While he had youth and strength he toiled to keep his children in comfort and to secure a shelter for his own old age. Now the children were all dead or far away and forgetful, and old age had played strange tricks with him, bending his back, dimming his eyes, and stopping his ears so that his neighbours must needs scream "good-morning" or "good-night" as loud as if they had been announcing the Judgment Day. From all that long life of industry, stinting and sobriety, Gaffer Goodman had only saved a small sufficiency to keep his wife and him outside the Poor House ; only just enough to hold their frail old bodies round about their well-nigh flitting souls, and that in no sort of comfort.

When his wife died, a bustling neighbour came in, washed and tidied and fed him, pinned a black band round his old hat, and hurried him out to his seat in the sun where he sat for hours, shedding helpless and

The Play Angel.

unnoted tears ; and always after that the several homely services that love had ever rendered like caresses, were thrust upon him in a little hard daily dole of charity. When the neighbours asked him, did he want his pipe ? he said "No." Did he lack anything? "No," he said, who lacked so much, and shook his head and shed more tears. There were days too when he was testy and put about, and then the neighbour who cared for him thought her weekly shilling hardly earned and went about her work grumbling and clattering dishes. Gaffer Goodman was not so deaf but that he sometimes heard her, nor so old but that he remembered his wife and her fifty years of willing care of him.

"He's very poor company," said the neighbour to her dear gossip. "You may work as you will and you can't bring a smile to his face."

"It must be like having a funeral about the place," said the other, "only it doesn't move on."

"And so cross as he is at times ! Always cross when he is not miserable. You'd think he couldn't last long with such fretting at his age."

It was just about this time that the play-angel came to Gaffer Goodman. He awoke from a doze one day to find the little creature sitting on his knee, one little fist in his, and awaiting his awakening with wide and happy eyes. Play-angels are very much like little young children, save that they have wings (which is a very good thing, for I do not know how else they would reach us) and a close crown of white roses round their brows. They are also even gentler and kinder than our children, and their faces are like those of the little ones we love best of all.

"Now we can play," said the play-angel as the old man awoke, and slipping off his knee she stretched her

The Play Angel.

little arms, and preened her dove-like wings, and danced about in pleasure at the freedom of her limbs.

The play-angel seemed quite to understand the gaffer's limitations. She never suggested anything he could not do, but found out quite a lot of things that he could, and taught him these. They might not have amused folk who had freer use of limbs and wits, but they amused him, and Gaffer Goodman took to smiling and smiling, even laughing aloud at times ; for she taught him to twist the buttons of his old coat round and round on the thread and let them spin back very quick ; she taught him to place his fingers for

“ This is the church

“ And that's the steeple,

“ Open the door

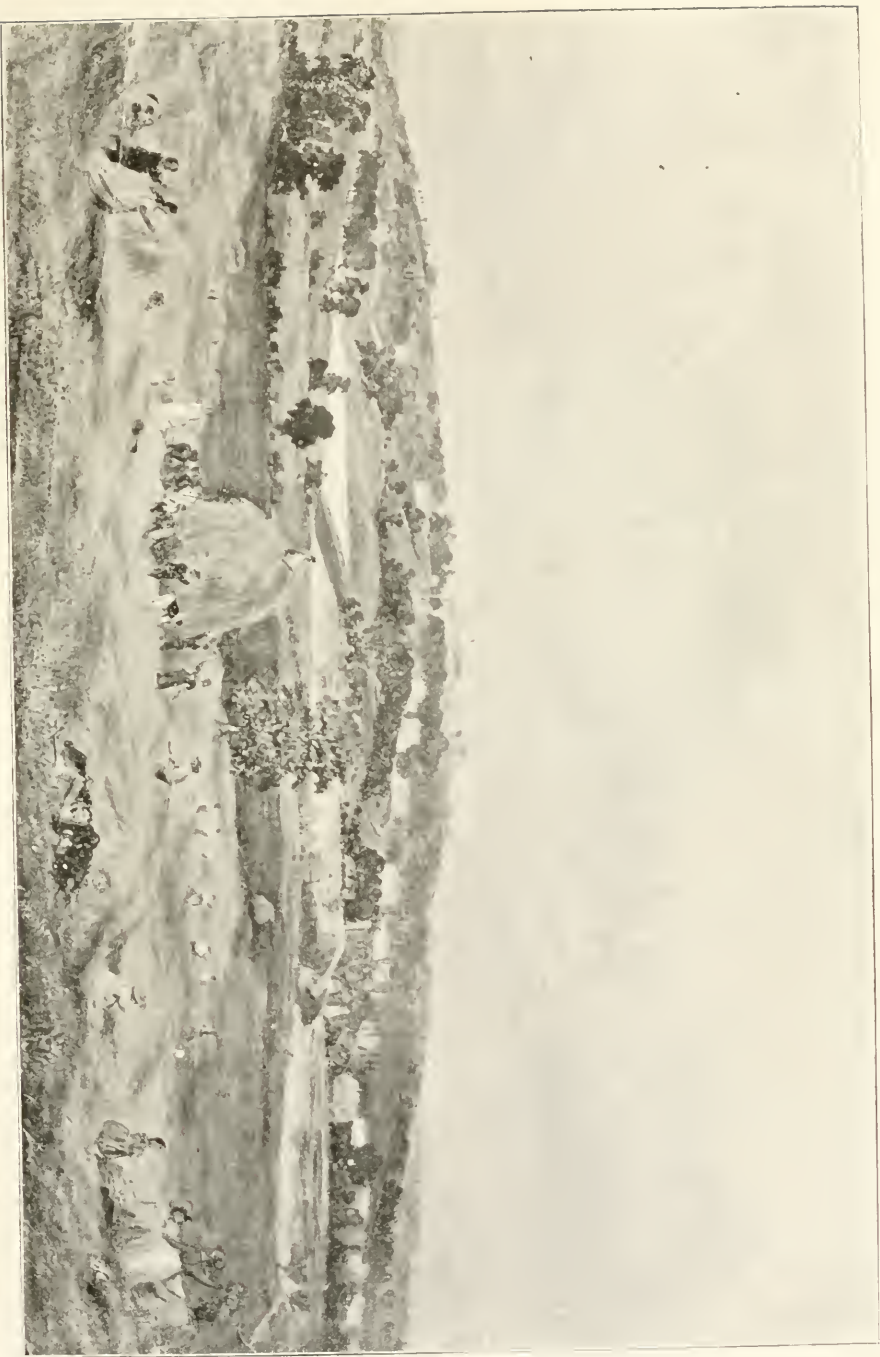
“ And there's the people.

“ The parson is mounting the pulpit stairs,

“ And here he is saying his prayers ! ”

She taught him to talk to his fingers as if they were different people, and to make them talk back to him ; all of which was quite company for the Gaffer, and did nobody any harm. She called the pigeons down from the roof and taught him to feed the shy things from his knotted and shaking old hand ; she played “ peep-bo ” from behind the rose bushes and bean-sticks, and jumped and frisked up and down the garden-path till the old man crowed with pleasure and clapped his hands or tapped his stick upon the path. When she was tired she sat upon his knee, telling him beautiful true stories, and stroking his face with her baby hands.

People could not see the play-angel nor knew anything about her though she trotted about between their very legs, stared up into their faces with her round eyes,



PARLIAMENT HILL FIELDS IN 1850.

(From the original water-colour tracing by E. H. Dixon, in the possession of Miss Quairrh.)

The Play Angel.

and even pulled at their coat or dress in passing. And when Gaffer Goodman tried to tell them about her, they said, "yes, yes," and smiled at each other. But they saw that the Gaffer was a changed man ; the lines were gone from his brow, the grief from his eyes, and in their place was a vague content, a tired peace, at times even a twinkle of fun. He was never angry now, though he was deafer than ever and could make no plain speech at all.

They said he had gone childish, poor soul, and 'twas a mercy, for he seemed much happier, and it did folks good to see him smile and talk to himself after all that complaining and loneliness. " 'Twas queer," they said, "to be happier for the loss of your wits! But that was evidently the case with Gaffer Goodman."

With that they went back to their digging and washing, or sewing and sweeping ; while the old man nodded and smiled in his sunny corner, and the play-angel frisked about, or told him her true and beautiful fairy-tales.





George Romney.

By BEATRICE MARSHALL.



ROMNEY'S connection with Hampstead belongs to the evening of his days—the evening that was so sadly clouded by nervous disease and premature decay of powers which have given him the right to rank with Reynolds and Gainsborough as one of the chief glories of our English school of painting.

It is a little difficult to localize exactly amidst the crooked lanes and alleys encircling the Holly Bush Inn (now overshadowed by an aggressive red brick pile of flats), the spot where Romney near the end of his career purchased an old house with stable, and built on to it what Flaxman described as a “whimsical structure” for the reception of his statues and hundreds of unfinished canvases.* It was, we know, somewhere not far from

* Since this article was written an interesting deed of tenancy has been unearthed which beyond doubt identifies Romney's house with Prospect House, Cloth Hill, now the Constitutional Club. The deed relates that a committee of gentlemen of the “village of Hampstead” agreed to purchase, in the year 1806, from Mrs. Maria Rundell, “for the purpose of being converted into public subscription rooms and properly fitted up for such entertainments the cottage tenements and appurtenances situate and being on a place called Cloth Hill and adjoining to the brick wall and stable heretofore of William Beach and by him surrendered to George Romney, Esq., who surrendered the same to Maria Rundell.” Thus Romney's studio became part of the first Hampstead Subscription Rooms.

George Romney.

the iron gates of Bolton House, where that long-since extinguished literary light, Joanna Baillie, shed her mild radiance for so many years; and a little further away stands the house on which a medallion records how long another distinguished artist a century later than Romney lived in Hampstead till an unexpected *coup* in literature added to his laurels in art, made it expedient for him to move into town.

On the summit of Holly Bush Hill, whence from his pillow the painter could see the towers and spires of the metropolis rise in the blue haze, Romney planned grandiose schemes and dreamed of executing some of those great works of "higher imagination"—to quote his adulatory friend and biographer Hayley—which had floated like visions around him while he was painting all the eminent characters of his day in Cavendish Square. But when he took up his pencil to sketch these gorgeous embryo designs, his hand shook. He realised it had lost its cunning, and knew he would never paint again. In the helplessness of his weakening intellect and rapidly declining bodily strength, his thoughts turned to the wife he had married in youth, whom he had left in the North when he came to seek his fortunes in London, and whom he had omitted to summon to his side in the heyday of his prosperity and popularity, when he was making over £3,000 a year by his art. Bowed down by infirmity at sixty-eight, Romney resolved to quit the long yearned for retirement at Hampstead, which he had enjoyed for so short a time, and which had involved him in so vast an expense, and to return to the humble jasmine-covered cottage at Kendal, where Mary Romney, a wife of the patient Griselda type truly, received him with tenderness instead of reproaches, and nursed him till he died in her arms a few months later.

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Two substantial biographies of Romney appeared some years after his death. One by his son, John Romney, who, ingeniously enough, seemed perfectly able to reconcile a passionate filial devotion to his mother with acquiescence in and approval of his father's desertion of her; the other by the poet, Thomas Hayley, author of "Triumphs of Temper," "Sensibility," and other pompous effusions, and the friend of Cowper, Blake and Gibbon.

In spite of Hayley's bombastic, stilted style, his egotism and irritating trick of disclaiming it on every page, one is bound to give him credit for having proved an efficient Boswell to the object of his flattery and regard. For after wading through his book, a very living impression of the painter both in appearance and character is left on the mind. We seem to know the man with his tall figure, strongly marked features, dreamy eyes and expressive mobile mouth, ravenously ambitious yet shy and retiring, unbusinesslike, generous, tender-hearted, morbidly sensitive and thin-skinned.

Romney was the second in a family of eleven and was born at Dalton-in-Furness in 1734. Like many other men who have attained distinction in after life he was a dunce at school, and was taken away from his books to be apprenticed to his father's trade as a cabinet-maker. He first showed talent by designing and constructing violins for his musical boy friends. In 1752 he became the pupil of Steele, an itinerant portrait painter, and in his company paid professional visits to the houses of great Lancashire and Yorkshire magnates. His master was meditating a runaway marriage at Gretna Green, and confided in young Romney, whose sympathies were so keenly aroused in his master's love affair, that the excitement made him

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seriously ill. He was nursed by his landlady's daughter, Mary Abbot, and on his recovery in the first flush of his gratitude Romney married her, though he was then quite unable to support a wife. Indeed it was Mary who, when she returned to service and Romney to resume his work at York, sent him money under cover of letters. Afterwards he made her a regular allowance and she bore him two children, a son and a daughter. The girl died in infancy ; the son, John Romney, was given an excellent education by his father, took Orders, and became Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

In 1762 Romney first appeared in London and exhibited his historic picture, "The Death of General Wolf," at the Society of Arts. That the second prize was awarded it, and afterwards withdrawn, he believed to be due to the influence of Reynolds, and, from that time, Romney persistently shrank from coming into any sort of contact with his rival, and he could never be induced to send pictures to the Royal Academy. For ten years Romney worked hard in London but with, on the whole, moderate success. Then he travelled in Italy for two years, studied the old masters zealously, and painted much from a nude model in Rome, where he went armed with an introduction to the Pope. It was on his return to London in 1775 that he took the town by storm and became the rage. Strings of chairs attended by footmen in magnificent liveries, waited daily outside his house in Cavendish Square. His studio became the resort of rank and fashion. What a procession of famous men, what a galaxy of high-bred beauties flocked there to be painted, we know from the exquisite canvases that grace to-day private collections all over the country, some of which were seen at the recent delightful Romney exhibitions at the Grafton Galleries.

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The severe sphinx-like features of Mr. Pitt; the jovial countenance of his great opponent Charles James Fox; the First Gentleman in Europe; beetle-browed Lord Chancellor Thurlow; Burke, Gibbon, and John Wesley were among many others painted by Romney in the years that his fame stood at its zenith. Garrick, though he was of "the Reynolds' faction," proposed to sit to Romney, and the painter nearly caught his death by going on a wet night to study the great actor in his last appearance at Drury Lane.

As for the ladies, with tall heads, in "tiffany, lace and lawn, ready to be drawn," who alighted at Mr. Romney's door, their name is legion. There came, to mention a few at random, majestic Mrs. Siddons, skittish Mistress Clive, Kitty Banister and Harriet Mellon, Mrs. Trimmer and sedate Miss Seward, the Swan of Lichfield, "a lady he greatly esteemed for her poetical talents, sprightly charm, social character, and the graces of a majestic person." Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, proved so erratic and unpunctual a sitter that Romney was never able to finish a portrait of her, and so was debarred from entering into competition with Gainsborough's masterly presentment of the celebrated Whig beauty.

On a visit to Paris, Romney was hospitably entertained by Madame de Genlis; and when she came to London, she brought to his studio her mysterious *protégée*, Pamela Sims, afterwards the wife of that hero of Celtic romance, Lord Edward Fitzgerald. "I am painting two pictures of Pamela," Romney wrote to Hayley in 1792, "I think they will both be beautiful." It was Lord Thurlow who said, "Romney and Reynolds divide the town. I am of the Romney faction." A remark which made Sir Joshua more jealous

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than ever of the "man in Cavendish Square," as he contemptuously called Romney. Nevertheless, the Chancellor did not apparently share Hayley's extravagant opinion of Romney's capabilities as a painter of sublime subjects, and his belief that there was nothing in heaven and earth that his brush could not have depicted had he given up the "shabby drudgery of portrait painting." When he heard that Romney was full of enthusiasm for Alderman Boydell's plan of founding a Shakespeare Gallery (a plan, by the way, first discussed at a house in Hampstead), and had agreed to contribute three pictures to it, Lord Thurlow exclaimed, "What! Is Romney at work for it? He cannot paint in that style, it is out of his bent. By God! he'll make a balderdash business of it."

Later the judge and the painter met somewhere at dinner, and the latter was rather disconcerted when, after he had set forth his reasons with considerable eloquence for supporting the Alderman's gallery, Lord Thurlow snapped out, "Mr. Romney, before you paint Shakespeare I advise you to read him." Hayley declared Romney might have been a writer as original as Rousseau, if he had taken the trouble, in spite of his inability to spell and his distaste of penning even a formal letter or note of common civility. But even Hayley was obliged to admit that Romney's mode of reading was so desultory and superficial that he had never got through any play of Shakespeare: "as a bee flits from flower to flower, so he flitted from drama to drama."

Every summer for twenty-two years Romney visited Eartham, Hayley's charming country resort in Sussex, for change of air and relaxation after working sometimes thirteen hours a day during the season. Here his friends

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arranged a studio for him amidst lovely sylvan surroundings with a view of the sea, and Romney was inspired by his host to begin several of those gigantic compositions of a symbolical and poetic kind, destined in most cases to remain unfinished sketches. He did make some progress with scenes from "The Tempest," for which Hayley sat as Prospero, but they were acknowledged to be failures.

At Earham Romney met Cowper and painted his portrait. Their common affliction of constitutional melancholia was a bond of sympathy between the poet and the painter, and Cowper was so charmed with Romney's picture of himself that he addressed the following sonnet to him:—

"Romney, expert infallibly to trace
On chart or canvas, not the form alone
And semblance, but, however faintly shewn,
The mind's impression too on every face,
With strokes that time ought never to erase ;
Thou hast so pencilled mine, that, tho' I own
The subject worthless, I have never known
The artist shining with superior grace.
But this I mark,—that symptoms, none of woe
In thy incomparable work appear.
Well ; I am satisfied 't should be so,
Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear ;
For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see
While I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee ?"

"Shakespeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy," was considered by Hayley to be indisputably Romney's masterpiece, but who would not gladly give it and all his other historic and allegorical works put together, for

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one of those exquisite gems of portraiture which a few years ago came into the market and now make the National Gallery as rich in Romneys as in Sir Joshuas. The room where they hang seems aglow with that roseate radiance of atmosphere of which Romney possessed the secret. "The Parson's Daughter" in her brown high-waisted frock and simple muslin kerchief, with her English complexion of rose petals and cream, her piquant slightly-tilted nose and chin; how fresh and enchanting she is. Gazing on her, an aroma of a bygone time, the perfume of lavender and stocks from an old world parsonage garden of the eighteenth century, are wafted from the canvas. We can imagine how that winsome, lighthearted young creature sang and laughed as she ran up and downstairs, the darling and the sunshine of the house; how she tied up those bewildering truant locks with the coquettish green snood, before some quaint little oval mirror that but dimly reflected her bright charms, while the old parson wrote his sermon in the study below, and Gainsborough's handsome young squire came across the hayfields to woo her in the sweet summer twilight. And next "The Parson's Daughter" hangs another unknown—that dark-haired matron, no longer very young, but beautiful with noble head and distinguished profile bending lovingly over the chubby little daughter, with eyes as black as sloes, on her lap. All the sanctity of motherhood is in her pose. Correggio, the master whom Romney admired above all others and with whom he had much affinity, could not himself have surpassed this "Mother and Child," in sweetness and in grace.

In the same room is the last picture of Romney's that has been added to the nation's treasures: his portrait of Mrs. Mark Currie. All his most admirable

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qualities are united in the presentment of this dainty, charming lady, in her soft mellow tinted muslin gown with its indescribably cunning folds and pink bows. The turn of the head, the veiled roguishness of the eyes, the diminutive foot very much *en evidence*, are details of an exquisite *ensemble*, pervaded by that uncommunicable air of breeding and distinction which genius enabled the artist of low birth and little education to suggest so unerringly in his portraits of gently-born Englishwomen.

Such pictures as these are indeed "Romneys," characterised by that subtle insight and unique charm which must ever be associated with the artist's name. We are all familiar with them. They look at us from the shop windows in photogravures and engravings, and who does not occasionally turn his back on the dingy squalor of Trafalgar Square, to sit in that roseate room where Mrs. Mark Currie and the Parson's Daughter are always fresh and smiling and always young? But what of those great works of higher imagination which Hayley so grandiloquently lauded? How many people are acquainted with "Macbeth's Banquet," "Milton and his Daughters," and "Newton with the Prism," or even know of their existence? If Romney had painted only these, and abandoned the "shabby drudgery" of portrait painting in obedience to the exhortations of his devoted though mistaken admirer, by this time probably oblivion would have closed over his work. We confess our sympathy for the person of whom Romney, in one of his letters to Hayley, complained so bitterly as having said "something rather coarse which wounded me deeply, as it touched my ambition. He accused me of neglecting my portraits and of vanity in doing things that turn to no account."

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In 1782 Romney first saw the lady whose peerless beauty of form and face obsessed his genius for years to the exclusion of almost everything else. Emma Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton and Nelson's enchantress, was brought to his studio by Charles Greville, whose jealous guardianship of her was so notorious that it is matter for wonder how the old scandal, long ago exploded, about Romney's relation with his beautiful model being anything more than platonic, could have originated. No woman was ever immortalised in so many characters and attitudes by one painter as the divine Emma by Romney. He depicted her as Circe, Calypso, Cassandra, a Bacchante, a Pythian Priestess on her tripod, the Magdalen, St. Cecilia, and Sensibility; and over and over again as herself. Hayley was equally infatuated by this bewitching *poseuse*. "Her face, like the language of Shakespeare," he says, "could exhibit all the feelings of nature and the gradations of every passion with a most fascinating truth and felicity of expression." Romney took a paternally affectionate interest in her and was delighted at her marriage to Sir William Hamilton. Soon afterwards, however, his sensitive nature was tortured by a supposed change in her manner. He fancied she had become cold and indifferent. Hayley was greatly concerned and offered to make peace, but the "little vapour of imaginary disregard" was completely dissipated without his assistance.

"Really my mind has suffered so much," Romney wrote to his friend, "I was afraid I should not have the power to paint any more from her. But since she resumed her former kindness my health and spirits have quite recovered. She performed at my house last week, singing and acting before some of the nobility. She is the talk of the whole town, and surpasses everything in

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that line that ever appeared. Gallini offered her £2000 a year and two benefits if she would engage with him, on which Sir William said pleasantly he had engaged her for life."

The most remarkable feature of the Romney exhibition of a year ago was the collection of Lady Hamiltons. There in every phase her dazzling charms were rampant on the walls. One became almost surfeited with the vivid azure of her seductive eyes, the roses of her cheeks and lips, the saccharine smile, the perpetual attitudinising of the sinuous limbs. Here and there a slight vein of vulgarity was perceptible, the trail of the nursemaid raised to affluence through amorous generosity. It was refreshing to turn to such subdued harmonies as the full-length portrait of Penelope—the second Mrs. Acton—standing so naturally and gracefully in her simple pearly-white dress, frilled fichu, and wide hat, beneath the shade of ancestral trees; or to the fair-haired pale Frances Bentinck, on a marble terrace, looking nonchalantly back over her shoulder, displaying the arched instep of a beautiful foot beneath the delicious brown and ivory draperies that swept round her stately young figure in such daring lines. These and other lovely women, blown softly and dreamlike on the canvas were the things in the Romney exhibition which the eye of memory delights to dwell on.

The fashion among connoisseurs for Romney is to a certain extent a revival. For many years after his death his vogue was so completely under eclipse that his pictures fetched insignificant sums compared with the small fortunes they have realized since. When his art treasures and effects were sold at his house in Hampstead, some of his finished productions went for a mere song. But in 1896 his portrait of the Viscountess

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Clifden and her sister Lady Elizabeth Spencer was sold for 10,500 guineas.

The highest price he received for a portrait in his lifetime was 126 guineas. Romney was too 'generous and unbusinesslike ever to become rich. He burdened himself with the debts of his scapegrace brother Peter, who was also a portrait painter, and he was so overflowing with the milk of human kindness that his charities were numerous. Though his innate *savoir faire* enabled him to hold his own in conversation with the most brilliant men of his day, he was not fond of society, and his fellow-artists scarcely knew him by sight. The great functions which his rival Sir Joshua attended so diligently with his ear-trumpet, driving to them in that famous panelled coach of his, had no charms for Romney. His idea of recreation was to ruralize in some country spot and dream his dreams, one of which was to found an academy for art students somewhat on the same lines as Mr. Herkomer has since done at Bushey. In those days even Kilburn was rustic, and the painter rented a room one summer in a humble abode there, which he christened "Pine-apple Place," and where he breakfasted early in the morning before returning to Cavendish Square, to have his hair dressed and powdered preparatory to receiving in his studio all the rank, fashion, and beauty of the town.

In July, 1795, he wrote:—"I am still uncertain where and when I shall fix my first stone and make my gravel walks and plant my cedars, but to build my house and plant my cedars I am determined." It is likely he was then casting his eye longingly on the heights of Hampstead as a site; for his faith in the restorative power of Hampstead breezes was shown by his often

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lodging there, for the sake of the walk to and from the city. We may picture the great painter striding with meditative gait across the daisied fields and through the green lanes which then separated Hampstead from London, drinking in the freshness of the morning, or from Judge's Walk watching the sun set on that fair landscape which has gladdened the eyes of so many painters, poets, and men of letters before and since. As he looked toward the west, he may have fancied himself again among the silvery lights and violet shadows of his native dales and fells, those scenes of his youth which Flaxman said were reflected in his genius.

It is pleasanter to think of Romney thus than crouched in the weird gallery on Holly Bush Hill, contemplating by artificial light his antique statues and tattered canvases, rotting from damp, amidst the wreck of his hopes and dreams.



HOLLY TERRACE HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD.



Song.

(EARLY AUTUMN IN THE QUANTOCK HILLS.)

Here Autumn, like a flying bird
That through the quivering foliage trills,
Comes swiftly in the night and stays
A moment in these grassy ways,
Among the hills.

And with the day's awakened sun,
O'er every gold and purple mile,
A finer radiance shows where she
Folded her bright wings graciously,
To rest awhile.

Here all the earth is crystal clear,
And all its people wise and free,
Here where the orchards, each on each,
Run down the valley till they reach
A crystal sea.

Oh Spirit, to the fullest song
That mountain, plain and valley fills,
Attune my heart, that it may dwell
In gladness where thy footsteps fell,
Among the hills.

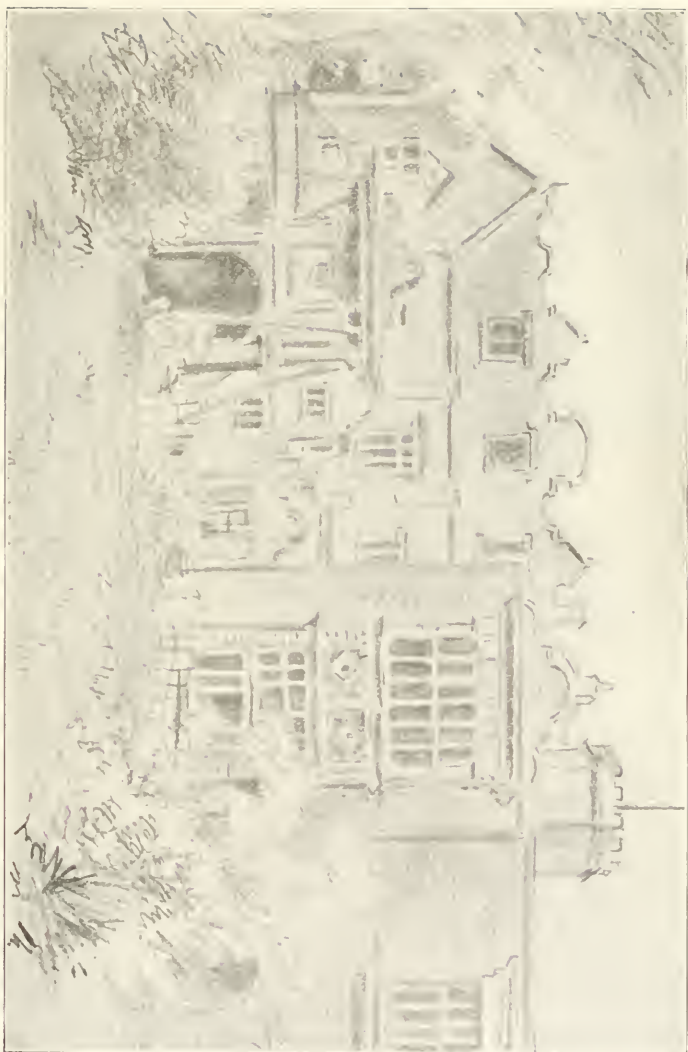
DOLLIE RADFORD.



Londoners and London.

By THE RIGHT HONBLE. SIR RICHARD TEMPLE,
BT., G.C.S.I.

IN this article I shall not presume to attempt even a general description of London ; the subject is so vast that probably no man living is competent to deal with it. Still it is an unrivalled entity, magnificently patent to the eyes of all ; so that people, whether they like it or not, are obliged to be cognisant thereof. I shall attempt the more manageable task of noticing the ideas of Londoners regarding it, and their relations with it. Even for this task few men are fully qualified and I do not pretend to be so ; still, I have some qualification. Though born and bred in the country, and being really a country gentleman, and having lived largely abroad, yet I have for a long time lived for about two-thirds of each year at Hampstead, and have been almost every day in London proper. I have also been for ten years financial member of the School Board for London, during which time I had to collect annually about a million and a



FROGS W. FACTORY IN 1867.

(From an original pencil sketch by the late Alfred de Bonnyho.)

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half sterling from the Vestries of London ; and if that does not give one an insight into the rate paying classes, nothing would. Again, I had to visit Board Schools of all classes throughout the Metropolis ; and if that does not give one an idea of the Metropolitan area, nothing would. My impression used to be that no set of men had so wide a knowledge of the industrial and laborious, the seething and struggling London, as the members of the great School Board. No doubt Board Schools do not carry the Members much into the fashionable parts, say, Mayfair, Belgravia, South Kensington and Tyburnia. But for some few years before I entered Parliament, and at the same time became a member of the School Board, I mixed very much in the society of the West End. Consequently, I have seen something of London from its highest to its humblest parts.

Now Londoners are obviously divisible into two categories, first visitors, secondly residents. I shall advert to each class in turn.

It is commonly remarked that visitors, including country cousins, tourists, sightseers, pleasure seekers and the like, do really see the sights of London more effectually and systematically than the permanent residents. By the light of their guide books they go the round of these sights, but they do not find professional guides at the hotels of London, or, if such guides are found at all, they are insignificant in number as compared with the important class of guides who are in attendance at the several capitals of Europe, especially in Switzerland, in Italy, in Austria, and in most parts of France, including Paris itself. Thus the number of visitors who go the round or make the grand tour of London sights, the churches, the picture galleries, the theatres and the like, is what the Americans call phe-

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nomenal, and is large enough to form the subject of statistics. Besides the foreigners, the English themselves have largely contributed to make it so. Within the last twenty years they have taken to visit London in streams, annually, and very wisely too. Now these visitors certainly inspect the sights of London with a fullness, regularity and system unknown to residents. But then the sights which they see will be the public ones only, such as St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the National Gallery, the British Museum, Burlington House, and the like. All these things may be seen by anyone who has eyesight steady enough to bear the strain and limbs strong enough to endure the standing. But besides these there is another class of sights which can be seen by some though not by all, and which being private can be seen only by visitors who have special friends or possess introductions to persons of influence. In these private, or quasi-private sights London is passing rich, as rich as all other capitals in the world put together. For example, almost all the great Clubs of London, and they are legion, can be seen for a few minutes at certain hours by any visitor, lady or gentleman, who may be introduced by a Member. The Members, too, are very good natured in this respect, and many of them are proud to afford to a stranger just a glimpse of these fine and interesting interiors. Indeed, some of the greatest Clubs are replete with associations of national importance. The Houses of Parliament in their sum total constitute the largest civic fabric in the world. Anyone at certain hours during the months when Parliament is not sitting, and often on Saturdays during the session, may pass through the interior in its principal parts. But all this amounts only to seeing the frame of a picture, the picture itself consists of the living Parlia-

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ment which assembles within the walls. This cannot be seen by everybody, but only by those that can obtain the good office of some Member of Parliament. But here again the Members are wonderfully good-natured, despite their many avocations, in affording to strangers a glance at the wondrous spectacle and the busy hive of politics. In the same manner, the manufacture of the Notes in the Bank of England, the melting of gold in the Mint, the General Post Office in St. Martin's le Grand, may be visited by those who are specially introduced. The point for visitors, be they British, or American, or foreign, to understand is this, that though the public sights of London are great indeed, they resemble, perhaps, in a greater or lesser degree, the very same sights which are visible in every capital abroad—but that the speciality of London, so to speak, consists of the unexampled number, variety and interest of private sights which can be witnessed by those who are fortunate to have the requisite introductions, or who take the pains and have the intelligence to obtain such introductions, which indeed can generally be obtained by those deserving of the same.

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Next, as regards the residents. I have already remarked that they see the sights of London less effectively than the visitors. Some residents doubtless do manage, first and last, to see London all round. Whether any resident could truly say that he had seen all London may be doubted; the late Sir Walter Besant was probably among those who succeeded in making the nearest approach to this standard; but the task of obtaining even a cursory view of this enormous place is perhaps greater than most people imagine. Indeed none rise to the conception of this affair until they really

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make some trial. Generally speaking we must admit that the residents of London see but little of it. Each person knows, of course, the locality where he lives, the park wherein he drives, the streets which he frequents for shopping, the quarter to which he has to resort for business or for pleasure in the day time. But the routes to the resorts of pleasure are seldom seen by him as he drives there by lamplight. Beyond these limited lines and restricted areas he observes but little: the historic and classic places, buildings and the like, he has seen in his boyhood and does not care to revisit them in the midst of a busy stirring life. He thinks, of course, and quite truly, that London is the metropolis of the world and the centre of the nations, that it is, without any disparagement of other large places in England, the place where anything great can best be done in politics, in science, in literature, in art, in national finance, that it is not only the greatest among the ports, but also in variety of manufactures, the greatest among the seats of industry, that it is, lastly, the great residential quarter of a world wide empire, whither the majority of persons resort who have made fortunes great or small, and who settle down to the enjoyment of the same. He knows, of course, that it must have historic remains extending from the Roman invasion, the Anglo-Saxon settlement, the Norman conquest, the formation of the English people, and the lines of kings, Plantaganet, Tudor, Stuart, Guelph. Still all these considerations do not move him to examine or study the metropolitan area. He is conscious of there being a vast circle, or, rather, series of circles, spheres and populated areas beyond his own lines of business, of pleasure, of society. It must be so, because the rating arrangements of the metropolitan districts, the authority of the School Board, and

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the County Council remind him of the fact that the richer London is linked with the poorer, and the West End with the East End. But that will not move him to consider seriously the metropolitan problems. He will live his life in London, making a pleasure of his business or a business of his pleasure for so many months in the year, and for his holiday he will straightway depart, without casting a single look or thought upon the metropolis he has left behind him. Under the masculine name there are of course included women as well as men, to avoid repetition or tautology, Notwithstanding this apparent indifference, the average resident of London, who makes London his home, does believe that London is not only the best place to live in, but the only place in the world worth living for, and, whether that be true or not, there is a great deal to be said for it. However, it is one thing to love and admire a place, and quite another thing to note, mark, and learn all about it. We may be surprised on noticing how little the London resident sees even those sights which the visitors flock to see. For example, we have all been inside the Tower of London in our childhood or youth, but we never go near it again unless the Constable of the Tower happens to have a party of friends to luncheon. Yet this Tower is quite the oldest living fortress now in the world, having been continuously held and occupied for more than a thousand years. We all have a hazy remembrance of St. Paul's and the Whispering Gallery, of Westminster Abbey and Poet's Corner. But we never enter them unless it be to hear some famous preacher, or witness some extraordinary ceremonial. Yet St. Paul's is the grandest structure ever raised by Protestant hands for Divine Service ; and the story of Westminster Abbey epitomizes the history of England for several centuries.

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We have the memories of youth or childhood regarding these matchless places like hazy sunshine, But at that epoch of life we could have understood little of what passed before our eyes in these beautiful places. Nevertheless, in our maturer years we do not take the trouble to look at them again, unless some social function takes us there. Instances might be multiplied, but the point need not be laboured as it will be obvious to us all when we come to think. And whether we feel regret or not, it is regrettable.

But curiously enough, although Londoners do love and admire London fully to the extent specified above, nevertheless, after the manner of English people, they take a grim pleasure in criticising, disparaging, and belittling it. Coming back from abroad, after seeing bright cities like Paris, which has the benefit of anthracite coal, to London, which suffers from bituminous coal and is therefore smoky and dusty, they declare that after all London, though vast and gigantically big, is ugly in form and dreary in aspect—altogether an ill-favoured place. Now many years ago there may have been some tinge of truth in this ; but now-a-days, and at any date say within the last quarter of a century, there is no truth in this at all. The streets of London of course are grey in hue and tone, but they catch sunlight with the most artistic effect. Again, they may be misty and foggy on occasions ; but every artist knows that the mist and the fog may produce lovely effects, and anyone who has inspected the paintings of men like Mr. Marshall, under the November skies, will be assured of this. In truth the London of to-day is to those who have a truly æsthetic insight, magnificent, superb, imposing. In what European capital is there anything equal to the sequence of parks—Hyde Park, Green Park, St. James's

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Park? Where is there such a river frontage as the Thames Embankment from Westminster to Blackfriars, soon to be connected right along with Chelsea? Where is there such a group of edifices to be swept by one glance of the eye as the Houses of Parliament from the Clock Tower to the Victoria Tower, combined with St. Margaret's Church and Westminster Abbey? Of all centres of technical and artistic instruction, where is there to be seen one like that at South Kensington from the Albert Hall southwards? From what bridge in the world is there to be enjoyed a prospect comparable with that from Lambeth Bridge looking towards the Houses of Parliament and St. Thomas's Hospital? Even in Venice, where is the view of lamplight reflected on running water to be seen better than that from the terrace of the House of Commons? Where are there such resplendent lines of lamplight illumination such as that to be seen by driving or walking from Westminster Bridge past Waterloo Bridge to Blackfriars, any fine night when the Thames is sufficiently still to do justice to all the lamplight reflections? Lastly, what harbour of any coast on the globe affords a parallel to the Pool of the Thames, with its forest of masts? It were easy to extend this list of metropolitan glories, but space forbids. Two among the views—namely, Lambeth Bridge and the Pool of the Thames—have been immortalized, if immortality were needed, by the canvas of Vicat Cole.

Yet further, I saw recently in a weekly newspaper a clever article showing how metropolitan holiday-makers rush off to distant places, leaving unseen behind them places close to their London homes, which are really finer than what they find before them. The writer gave a capital and well-informed sketch of the

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subjects and objects that might be discovered by a circuit round what is now called Greater London. The argument is too long to be reproduced here, but some instances may be given. Why not traverse Epping Forest—sadly encroached upon indeed, but with a large remainder still preserved, nobly umbrageous and celebrated by some of Dickens's novels? Why not mount the heights of Highgate and visit the old cemetery, commanding a distant view of London, with innumerable monuments in the foreground? Why not go through the Alexandra Park and Palace, with the surrounding scenery of Hornsey and Finchley? Why not take a short drive to Barnet and read the inscription on the stone commemorating the field of an epoch-making battle? Why not explore Kew Gardens, which demand a veritable exploration, inasmuch as they are the largest things of their kind in the world? Why not stand on the terrace of Richmond, and follow the windings of the Thames in that woodland landscape which has been celebrated by Sir Walter Scott? Why not take a row up stream to Hampton Court and recall the memories of Wolsey, of Queen Elizabeth, of Cromwell, and of William III.? Why not take steamboat to Greenwich, and read the eloquent passage of Macaulay on the first foundation of the Naval Hospital, and finish the day at the Ship Inn reflecting upon the historic ministers and their Cabinets who used to dine there every year at the conclusion of the Parliamentary session? Why not take a short trip to Kneller Hall, redolent of the great painter of Queen Anne's reign, and now the training place of military bandsmen, and one of the practical schools of British music? Why not proceed to Twickenham and Strawberry Hill, replete with memories of poets and statesmen? And lastly, why not stand opposite Jack

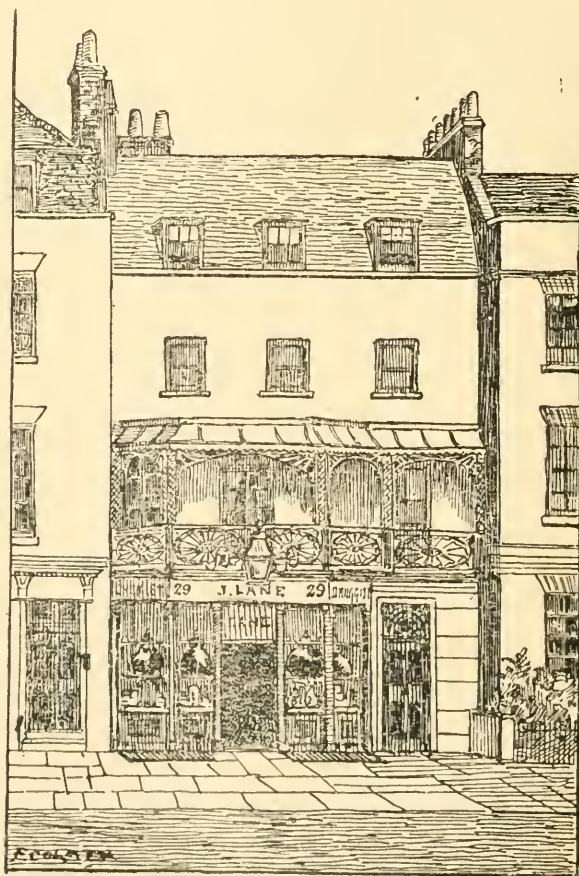
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Straw's Castle, on the top of Hampstead Heath, in company with some one who can point out the sites within a short radius of that hotel, which are associated with many of the best names in English politics, literature, and art? Here again the list of noble instances might be indefinitely extended. Enough has been set forth to illustrate the point without unduly labouring it. Of course if Londoners are ill or unwell, they must go where considerations of health dictate, however far that may be from London. But thousands of Londoners who are not ill, but merely require change of scene, of thought and of habit, rush away to seek abstraction here, there, and everywhere, and leave the spots in the suburbs or surroundings of London as above mentioned, and many other spots equally worthy of mention if space allowed—unvisited, unseen, unthought of, almost unheard of. Wherever they may go, they may scarcely find anything as patriotically edifying and nationally instructive as these spots which have been indicated.

It is probable however that Londoners will by degrees arouse themselves from the indifference which has so long prevailed regarding the sights of the metropolis. Their minds must be more or less affected by the increasing curiosity shown year after year by people of all nations, especially by the Americans, regarding the headquarters of the British Empire. A charming literature on this subject is springing up, consisting primarily of the works by Howitt, besides the elder writers like Park and Lysons, and more notably by the works of the late lamented Walter Besant. Antiquarian and historical societies are springing up in various quarters. Especially we hail the formation of such a society in this Hampstead of ours, one of the very localities which will most amply repay all those who care for their country.

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And what a country it is! Not only rich in historic achievements under many skies and in many climates, not only possessing an empire over many nationalities in the present, but in the future destined to bear the title of the Mother of Five Nations of Anglo-Saxon lineage and descent, one of which—the United States—is already great, and the remaining four—Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand—are born to greatness.



No. 29, HIGH STREET, HAMPSTEAD, IN 1870.



Sir Francis Palgrave as a Precursor of Ruskin.

BY DR. RICHARD GARNETT.



THE name of Sir Francis Palgrave is not one of those which most readily occur to the mind when the distinguished inhabitants of Hampstead are the subject of consideration ; and yet Hampstead has had few residents of more unquestionable eminence, and few whose residence has been of longer duration. A letter from Lady Palgrave to her father, printed in the biography of her son, Francis Turner Palgrave, of "Golden Treasury" renown, shows that the Palgraves were settled at Hampstead by August 1st, 1834 ; and there Sir Francis continued to live until his death on July 8th, 1861. His house was on the southern side of Hampstead Green, and close to that of another distinguished Hampstead resident, Sir Rowland Hill. It has been recently pulled down for the enlargement of the adjacent hospital.

The lustre of fame is so easily obscured, and the new generation is frequently so inexcusably oblivious of the old, that, before coming to the special and in general

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disregarded ground on which distinction is claimed for Sir Francis Palgrave in this essay, it may be expedient to recapitulate those which were fully admitted by his contemporaries; especially as they constitute the main substance of his work in the world, and the path which we propose to follow, however attractive, is but a byepath.

The great and salient fact in Palgrave's life is that he was the first Deputy Keeper of the Records. At the time (1822), when he forsook the profession of a solicitor for antiquarian pursuits, the condition of the national archives was discreditable beyond belief. They were dispersed in fifty-six different repositories, and vast masses, accumulated without order and rotting with damp, provided aliment for the mice of the present and sepulture for the mice of the past. A Commission had been appointed some years previously, which had effected some good by publishing important documents. To this body Palgrave submitted a scheme of reform, which was approved; but sixteen more years of committees, reports, and pamphleteering, often of the most bellicose character, had to pass before, in 1838, the department of Public Records received its present organization. The Master of the Rolls was very properly placed at its head; but as the attention of that great magistrate must necessarily be perfunctory, he was provided with a Deputy Keeper, upon whom the cares of administration were actually to rest; and the office was conferred upon Palgrave, whose abilities had been sufficiently evinced by the production of a number of valuable historical and antiquarian works, and who had been at least as prominent as any other person in the struggle for reform. Palgrave's official claim to distinction is reinforced by the excellence of the writings

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referred to, condemned as they must be to comparative obscurity by a circumstance which in fact enhances the desert of the author—his position as a pioneer. They who treat of important subjects while the study of them is yet in an early stage, must expect their work to be superseded by the inevitable progress of knowledge and the superior advantages enjoyed by those who enter into their labours. If Palgrave has in a measure escaped this destiny, he has obtained exemption as one far from the character of a mere antiquarian scholar. It was at once his strength and his weakness to possess a mind of such originality as frequently to deviate into the quaint and eccentric. "Whatever faults he had," says Freeman, "were not on the side of defect, but sprang from the exuberance of a mind of strong natural power, only not always sufficiently restrained by sober judgment and discretion." No writer requires to be read with more caution, but his paradoxes are frequently more instructive than the sobriety of less original minds. Tried by modern standards, his little "History of the Anglo-Saxons," for example, is a most imperfect book, but it brings the illumination and the intellectual stimulus which might easily be absent from a more profound and elaborate treatise. The brilliant scene-painting of "The Merchant and the Friar" is mainly the vehicle of highly questionable propositions in politics and philosophy, but the reader has seen the Middle Ages. These and similar minor writings probably exhibit the author to more advantage than his most ambitious work, "The History of the Normans in England." His talent was more pictorial than constructive; he excelled rather in presenting details with vividness than in fashioning a great whole, and the peculiarities of style which suited the *aperçu* misbecame the dignity of history. Yet Freeman,

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a severe critic of his general manner of treatment, sums up his most essential qualities as "a characteristic union of research, daring and ingenuity;" and upon this character his reputation in the departments of historical and antiquarian investigation may safely rest. Our business with this distinguished inhabitant of Hampstead, however, respects his activity in a totally different branch: the study of the fine arts in their industrial and economic aspects. His contributions to this important subject, being anonymous and limited in compass, have not unnaturally been much overlooked. That neglect has not entirely overtaken them is shown by the remark of the writer of the notice of him in "The Dictionary of National Biography," that in his *Quarterly* article on "The Fine Arts in Florence" (the production of his which is about to engage our attention), and in his "Handbook for Travellers in Northern Italy," "he gave expression to certain views of art which have since found wide acceptance." But it is doubtful whether these have been generally recognised as his; and his own granddaughter, in her memoir of her father Francis Turner Palgrave, speaks of him with truth as "chiefly remembered as an historian and antiquarian."

Palgrave's *Quarterly* article on "The Fine Arts in Florence," appeared in June, 1840, a date sufficiently early to establish the originality of the views propounded in it so far as this country is concerned; nor are we aware that he had any continental precursors. It was no doubt inspired by the long tour he had made in Italy in the preceding year, in which Italy was also visited by Mill and Gladstone. Browning had been there the year before, and Ruskin was to follow the year after. Before proceeding to establish by simple quotation the importance of the views enunciated in this essay, it will be

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proper to mention a remarkable circumstance connected with it, which has revealed its existence to many who have never seen it. It occasioned the detection of the now notorious forgeries of the Shelley letters issued as genuine by no less eminent a publisher than Edward Moxon, and under the editorial warrant of no less eminent a poet than Robert Browning. They had been noticed by most of the literary journals without the expression of the faintest suspicion, when Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave identified the better half of one of them as a transcript from his father's *Quarterly* article, and a general *éclaircissement* supervened. All but one or two of perfect insignificance, as well as a still greater quantity of alleged Byroniana sold but not published, were plagiarisms or concoctions, the fabrication of an adventurer who assumed Byron's name, and, with or without ground, claimed to be his natural son. It must be acknowledged that in so far as the Shelley department of the imposture is concerned, its success says little for the acumen of Moxon, Browning, or the professional critics. The handwriting was counterfeited to admiration, the errors afterwards shown to exist in the post marks could only be detected by experts; but how any one well read in Shelley should have accepted either style or substance as his is hard to understand.

We now proceed to offer an extract from this memorable essay, sufficient, in our belief, to establish that much that has been repeated over and over again by eminent writers since 1840, and has come to pass as accepted doctrine in art, both on its æsthetic and economic sides, if not absolutely originating with Sir Francis Palgrave, was advanced before the writers alluded to were of an age to deal with the subject. The

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reader who peruses the essay with attention will find these propositions distinctly laid down :—

Art is the expression of the mind of a people.

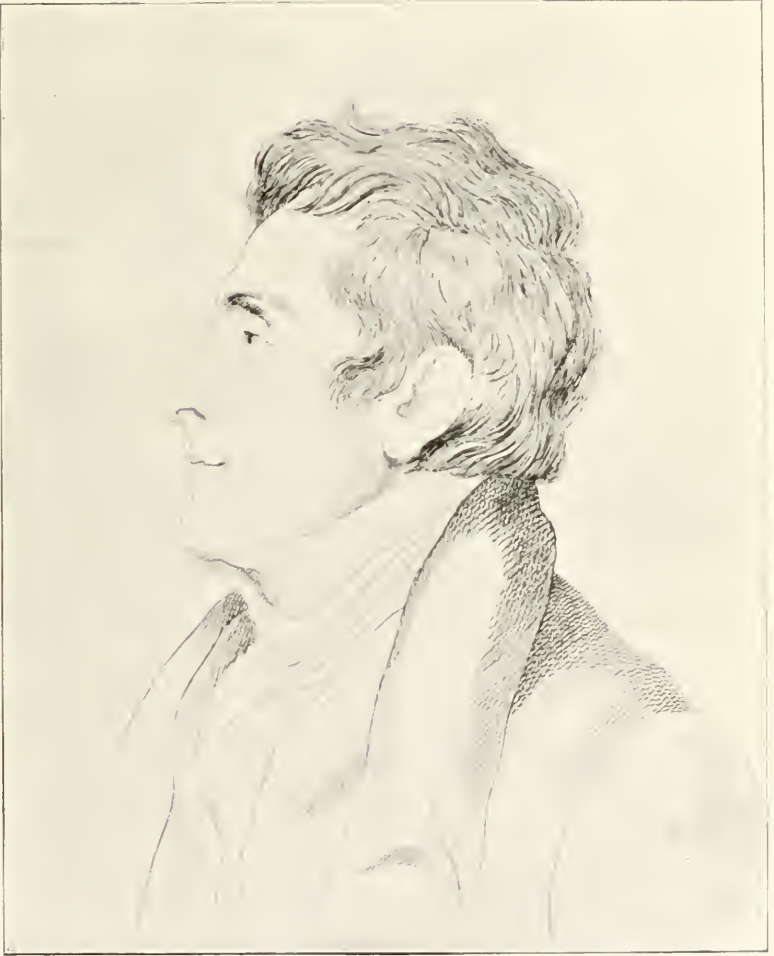
Artists were originally craftsmen, and art partook more or less of the nature of a trade.

Painting was at first entirely subservient to architecture.

Machine-made work and the excessive division of labour are destructive to art.

Since Sir Francis Palgrave wrote, these propositions have been reiterated by an infinity of writers, especially Ruskin and William Morris, who, making art the serious business of their lives, have effected far more than was possible to one who studied it as an amateur. But it may be doubted whether they have added very much to the views so clearly and eloquently enunciated in the following passage :—

There is no real art, except when it bears the impress of the artist's mind ; and it is certain that, whenever any of the three sister arts of painting, sculpture and architecture have become *poetical* in the true sense of the term, they have been, like all true poetry, the result of the feelings of the people, not their cause—manifestations of the pre-existing mind and temper of the community—interpretations of the sentiment of the age, and not its pedagogues. The fine arts have ever been the *consequences* of the teaching of the intellect, never its teachers. Necessity is the mother of invention ; and the fine arts, whenever they have truly attained excellence, have, to use a familiar expression, *followed the lead* of society, rather than acted as a promoting cause. They have existed because the human intellect demanded these high and transcendent sources of enjoyment ; it was the speaking forth of the fulness of the heart ; and, if we advert to the process by which art has been evolved in the period of bright youth and nourished in vigorous adolescence, we shall find that the development was effected under circumstances differing as widely from those by which it is now attempted to be artificially fostered, as the growth of the vine, waving between elm and olive on the sunny height of Montepulciano, does from that of the same plant trained beneath panes of glass, and flourishing merely by constant care ; proving, it is true, how much can be effected by money



SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE,
At the age of 35.
From a Drawing by T. Phillips, R.A.

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and labour, but ministering merely to luxury, and giving, in the stove-heated graperies, no one pleasure to the heart.

At the era of the revival of art in Tuscany, artists were artificers in the strictest sense of the term. It was not in the academy that their genius was nurtured, but in the workshop. The "*Arte degli Orefici*," the goldsmiths' craft, was the chiefest school; Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Orcagna, Luca della Robbia, Massolino, Ghirlandajo, Pollajuolo, Botticelli, Verrocchio, Francia, Finiguerra, Andrea del Sarto, Baccio Bandinelli, Benvenuto Cellini, Salviati, Lione, Vasari (as before mentioned), and a host of other inferior names, all were brought up in this good trade, which some practised to the end of their lives. Painters were chiefly employed in church imagery and ornamentation, as decorators of houses and furniture. The articles which gave occupation to their pencils were of various descriptions. The most costly seem to have been the ponderous well-lined chests in which the *trousseau* of the bride was conveyed to her new domicile, or in which the opulent citizens kept their robes and garments of brocade and velvet, no small portion of their inheritance. Bedsteads, screens, cornices, and other portions of the rooms, were adorned in like manner. Subjects for these decorations, when not devotional, were borrowed from the classical legend or the romance, the illustrations of the popular literature of the age. Here also were exhibited the amusements of the world. Tilts and tournaments, the sports of the chase, and the pastimes of wood and field, were often particularly chosen; and upon such works, says Vasari, the most excellent painters exercised themselves without any shame. Even in Vasari's time, when the altered spirit of the pursuit had rendered painting a *profession*, it was *talked of* as a trade. It was in the "*bottega*," the shop, and not in the *studio*, that the painter was to be found. The statutes of the company of St. Luke, or the "*Arte de' Dipintori*," at Florence, 1386, shows that, as in London, they were a mere guild of workmen or tradesmen; and although this document mainly relates to their character as a spiritual fraternity, yet in their civil capacity they had no doubt existed long before:—it was a dedication of their worldly calling to heaven. There were the like fraternities at Bologna and at Venice; and all were equally comprehensive—admitting as their members, trunk-makers, gilders, varnishers, saddlers, cutlers, in short all workmen in wood and metal whose crafts had any connection with design—however little that might be.

Most, perhaps all, of what we should now term the easel pictures of the older masters, have been detached from articles of ecclesiastical or civil furniture; and indeed, before the sixteenth century, it may be doubted whether any *cabinet pictures*, that is to say, moveable pictures, intended merely to hang upon the wall and be looked at as *guys*, without

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any objective application, ever existed. It was the *use* of pictures which gave strength and nutrition to art. Painting was not a mere *appliqué*, but an essential element. Upon the walls of the choir or beneath the arches of the cloister, the magnificent solid masses of fresco, each compartment of which would seem to demand years of toil, were included in the conception of the building, and rendered necessary as the adjuncts of architecture. The altar-piece was not suspended as an adventitious ornament, which may be put up or taken down, but it appears as part of a solid structure, in which the venerated forms fill up the golden arches, which represent the facade of the fane. The portraiture is not drawn simply to preserve the likeness: it has to perform a duty. You behold the individual kneeling at the foot of the cross, or otherwise introduced into the groups of history. Painting was therefore in this stage always *utilised*. There was a certain standard which even mediocrity was sure to obtain: and this removed the temptation to extravagance and affectation, constituting the rant and bombast of art. But the conditions under which art was practised answered a further and much higher end; and, plebeian as the station of the artist may have been when viewed under this aspect, his character as a workman really ennobled him by contributing mainly to his intellectual improvement. It is our *civilisation* that has degraded the artisan by making the man not a machine, but something even inferior, the part of one—and, above all, by the division of labour. He who passes his life in making pins' heads will never have a head worth anything more.

Of course there is no branch of the plastic or graphic arts which can be followed unless the professor is, to a certain degree, a workman. But the connection between *æsthetics*—we use this somewhat pedantic term out of pure necessity—and the *craft* was, so long as the habits or opinions of mankind did not run counter to it, of singular efficacy in the training of the man, giving to the artist a discipline which is now wholly irretrievable. Taste was called into constant action, without being talked about or thought of. In the daily manipulation of the *artifice*, his genius was constantly called out upon matters of practical application and need. All the higher modes of intellect, all that cleverness and sensibility of hand, quite as essential as inventive genius, were called into action, elicited, taught, by the calling in which he gained his daily bread. These are advantages which we have lost, and for ever, by the vast improvements which modern days have effected in machinery.

The means of multiplying elegant forms by punches, squeezes, moulds, types, dies, casts, and like contrivances, enable us to produce objects with a sufficient degree of beauty to satisfy the general fancy for art or ornament, but so as to kill all life and freedom. A permanent glut of pseudo-art is created; the multitudes are over-fed with a super-

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abundance of trashy food, and their appetite will never desire any better nutriment. Without pursuing the remark into the finer branches of art, let anyone compare the iron gates of what men call the Police Station at Hyde Park Corner—in the language of the gods, the Triumphal Arch—with the bronze net-work and foliage of Verrocchio, which seems to grow and spring like living vegetation round the porphyry sarcophagus of Pietro de' Medici, in the basilica of San Lorenzo, or even with the iron gates of the choir of St. Paul's. Even in the latter, coarser example, there is that boldness, and the elaborate and showy park-gates are capital *Brummagem*, and nothing more.

Truly does the old Scottish proverb say "*the saugh kens the basket-maker's thumb.*" Grasped by man, the tool becomes a part of himself; the hammer is pervaded by the vitality of the hand. In the metallic work brought out by the tool is an approximation to the variety of nature; slight differences in the size of the flower, in the turns of the leaf, in the expansion of the petal. Here, you have the deep shadows produced by undercutting; there, the playful spiral of the ductile tendril. But in the work produced by the machinery of the founder, there can be nothing of all this life. What does it give you? Correct, stiff patterns, all on the surface—an appearance of variety, which, when you analyse it, you find has resulted only from the permutations and combinations of the moulds. Examine any one section or compartment, or moulding, or scroll, and you may be certain that you will find a repetition of the same section or compartment, or moulding, or scroll, somewhere else. The design is made up over and over again of tales already twice-told. The most unpleasant idea you can convey respecting any set of men is to say that they seem all cast in a mould; and whatever is reproduced in form or colour by mechanical means, is *moulded*—in short, is perpetually branded by mediocrity; sometimes tame, sometimes ambitious, but always mediocrity. Nor must it be supposed that the effect of *Brummagem* art does not extend beyond the *Brummagem* article. In art, in literature, as in mortals—in short, in all things—the tone is taken from those which you live amongst and which you copy, whether you will or no; and the same stiffness and want of life which is the result of mechanographic or mechanoplastic means, in paper, silk, cotton, clay or metal, is caught more or less in every branch of art. All ornamentation, outline, design, form or figure produced by machinery, whether the medium be block, type, mould or die, may be compared to music ground by a barrel organ—good tones, some tune well observed, not a false note or a blunder, but a total absence of the qualities without which harmony falls upon the ear. You never hear the soul of the performer, the expression and feeling, speaking in the melody. Even in that branch which is considered by many as art itself, *engraving*, the best judges all

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declare that, so far from benefiting art, the harm it has done has been incalculable, substituting a general system of plagiarism in place of invention ; and if such was the opinion of Lanzi and Cicognara, who only knew the processes of wood and copper engraving, what will not be the result of the means of multiplying the metallic basis, and fixing the fleeting sunbeam, which are now opening upon us by means of chemical science?—Steam engine and furnace, the steel plate, the roller, the press, the Daguerreotype, the Voltaic battery, and the lens, are the antagonistic principles of art ; and so long as they are permitted to rule, so long must art be prevented from ever taking root again in the affections of mankind. It may continue to afford enjoyment to those who are severed in spirit from the multitude ; but the masses will be quite easy without it. Misled by the vain and idle confidence which we place in human intellect and human faculties, we strive with childlike ignorance, though not with childlike simplicity, to unite the qualities of different even discordant stages of society. We wish to possess the native energy of a simple state, and the luxury of the highest grade of civilisation ; but we strive in vain ; the assigned bounds cannot be overpassed. We must be content with the good we have ; and whilst we triumph in the “results of machinery,” we must not repine if one of these results be the paralysis of the imaginative faculties of the human mind.—“The Fine Arts in Florence,” *Quarterly Review*, June, 1840, pp. 322—326.

The same views are repeatedly expressed in Sir Francis Palgrave’s handbook to Northern Italy in Murray’s collection, which, passing through many editions, probably exerted more influence than the essay, to which it was posterior by two years. As, however, both the book and the article were anonymous, Palgrave’s name was but little known in connection with either.

Perhaps the best method of indicating the nature of the influence exerted by Palgrave will be to quote a characteristic passage from Ruskin’s “Stones of Venice,” typical of many others in that book and in Ruskin’s works in general, and of innumerable other passages in books deriving from him, which, as will be seen, is mainly a re-statement of Palgrave’s ideas in even more eloquent language :—

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We have much studied and much perfected of late the great civilised invention of the division of labour; only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labour that is divided, but the men, divided into mere segments of men, broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man, is not enough to make a pin, or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin, or the head of a nail. Now it is a good and admirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished—sand of human soul, much to be magnified before it can be discerned for what it is—we should think there might be some loss in it also. And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for that we manufacture everything except men; we blanch cotton and strengthen steel and refine sugar and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine or to form a single living spirit never enters into our estimate of advantage.—Vol. 2, ch. vi., sect 16.

There is no thought of detracting from the illustrious position of Ruskin in thus pointing out his obligations to a predecessor. Just because “Modern Painters” and “The Stones of Venice” are such great books, they must necessarily owe much to predecessors. That Ruskin would not be unacquainted with Palgrave, in so far as Palgrave had treated the themes upon which Ruskin was to expatiate, is a moral certainty. He would not overlook an essay on Florentine art published in so important a journal as the *Quarterly* just before his own departure for Italy; and when he afterwards travelled in Lombardy and Venetia Palgrave’s guide must have been constantly in his hands. There can be no doubt, we think, that Palgrave’s views formed an element in his mental equipment, though his permeation with them may have been slow and imperceptible, and he may never have distinctly recognized the extent of his obligation.

Palgrave was also the author of several architectural essays in the *Quarterly*, but he never made any

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endeavour to bring his scattered work of this description together, or to claim a position as a writer on art. The work of his life was in the Record Office, and in the pursuits immediately connected with it ; but much of his ability to deal with art in its economic aspect was derived from his researches into the feudal system, and his acquaintance with the condition of the people in the Middle Ages. Though a Christian by creed, he was a Jew by birth ; and perhaps the highest of all his claims to distinction is his acute comprehension, and possibly even too favourable judgment, of those ancient aristocratic and ecclesiastical systems under which his ancestors had suffered so severely, and of which he might have been expected to have been the hereditary antagonist.

The portrait of Sir Francis Palgrave which we reproduce is taken from a lithographed likeness in the Hampstead Subscription Library, executed in 1823, when he was thirty-five years of age, and presented to the library by his son, Mr. Robert Inglis Palgrave.





James Dunton, Fisherman.

By CECIL R. L. BROOKS.*



FIFTEEN years had passed since I had last seen the clean smiling village of Athelingford; and yet as I strolled along, between the two rows of thatched red-brick cottages which formed its "street," and my memory went back to the Athelingford of fifteen years ago—the Athelingford that I had painted bathed in a warm twilight—I had to admit that it was the same. Yes, Time, who works such changes in the great cities, centres of wealth and power, had left almost untouched this picturesque home of fishermen. On "the green," at one end of the village, the great elm that I had only known in the glory of its full-coloured August vestments, was now beginning to be tinged with green. Higher up the street to the right was the inn, the Anchor Inn, which had formerly been my head-quarters for three long summer months—spent in fishing, in painting, in trying to learn something of the mysteries of the great palpitating sea. Alas! The Anchor Inn had changed hands. Old Dick

* See "The Hampstead Note Book."

Constable—what an amiable old liar he was!—had succumbed to an attack of gout, and the inn had passed into the possession of some new folk from Southwold ; but there it was, the same homely place with its leaded windows and creaking sign-board.

High up on the cliff in front is the gray ivy-covered church and its rather squat, square tower, surrounded by a little patch of grass where are the graves of countless generations of fishermen, and their wives and their daughters.

The red sandy road—"the street" as they call it—went winding round to the left and down a steep hill which brought me to the beach.

The wind was blowing fresh off the land, and, catching the waves of the incoming tide, sent up clouds of spray. The fishing-boats were out at sea, and the beach was deserted save for a group of four or five children playing about an old disused capstan half a mile to the left. A solitary gull strutted aimlessly about on the shingle.

I found a spot well shaded from the blustering April wind, and sat down on the stones trying to realise that a bridge of fifteen summers spanned the gulf betwixt *now* and *then*. Those three months seemed now a long cloudless day. The boy of twenty, in fresh, unconscious sympathy with the great moving universe about him, whose soul laughed with the singing of the birds, and whose heart at times grew sad in listening to the great sobs of a mournful sea, seemed to the man of thirty-five an integral and necessary part of this mysterious natural world that he loved. There I sat and thought over the days that were past. The faces of the villagers and fishermen came back to me, and in many cases, I could remember their names. Besides Dick Constable, the



THE BOTTOM OF POND STREET IN 1866.
(From an original pencil sketch by the late Alfred de Bourgho.)

James Dunton, Fisherman.

inn-keeper, there was "Mossou," who frequented the inn : a tall, thin, black-eyed man he was, whose real name I never heard ; he was called *Mossou*—probably because he was a foreigner ; he had been a circus rider and came to keep a little shop on the green where one might buy tobacco and matches, sweets for the children, tea, candles, boot-laces, everything, in fact, that could possibly be wanted in a decent and well-ordered village. Then there was Will the Ferryman, with a red face and a white beard, eternally smoking a short clay pipe. "Yes sir," he would say, as he took a fill of tobacco, "if I'd know'd 'bout it at the toime, sir, I'd far sooner 'a' sucked a poipe than a sucked a moi mother's breasts when I was a little un," and, so saying, he would pull one across the little tidal river to the pathway that led up the hill to Kessington. And so, one by one, the kind, determined weather-beaten faces of these hardy fishermen of Suffolk came back to my remembrance. What a fearless, simple race it was ! They had no wish to change either their home or occupation ; content were they to live on, toilers of the mighty deep, as their fathers had lived before them, and, in the end, to be buried in the little grave-yard up on the cliff, with the sea below them eternally chanting her divine dirge-like song.

Best of all I remembered Jim Dunton, whom I had known the best. I could see him now as I first saw him one hot summer morning, in his high boots with oil-skin tops, stretched out at full length on the beach, picking out the crabs and small fry from a basket of silvery iridescent fish. He was a brown-faced young giant of eighteen, with blue eyes and brown hair hanging over his forehead from beneath a cloth cap. Bobbie, Jim's young brother, a carroty, freckled urchin of six, was there, busily engaged in defending his bare toes from the

onslaught of young crabs which Jim from time to time surreptitiously placed on the youngster's breeches. Poor boys! It was a sad story that I heard one night, fifteen years ago, from the mouth of Jim. I had arranged to go out trawling with him soon after midnight, and was smoking my pipe in "the street" before turning in for a few hours' sleep, when I became conscious of a little group of men coming slowly towards me. They were evidently bearing a heavy load, which I discovered to be Jim's father being carried home by his son and some of the neighbours. It was no uncommon thing for old Dunton to be thus borne home *en grand cortège*, and so, pretending not to notice the little procession, I went back to the inn and was soon sound asleep. Three hours later Jim called me and we started out for our morning's work. As we shut the door of the inn behind us, the old Dutch clock in the parlour was making strange convulsive noises preparatory to giving forth the last stroke of twelve.

It was one of those nights when everything is steeped in pale shimmering moonlight, silvery and virginal, when nature in her most wondrous vestments affects men's senses with a heavy feeling—a feeling almost of sickness, like that produced by the scent of lilies. Silently we walked down to the beach. The nets were ready and in a very few minutes we were under weigh, sailing slowly towards the south. It must have been half-an-hour before either of us spoke, and then it was that Jim opened out his heart to me. He had never spoken of his father till then, nor of his mother, who had died six years before in giving birth to her second son, Bobbie. Dunton, who had been devoted to his wife, gave way more and more to a weakness which is rare among fishermen. That very day the poor wretch, having taken a load of fish to sell at Lowes-

James Dunton, Fisherman.

toft, had been brought home by the carrier speechless and penniless. As most of his earnings were spent in the taverns of the neighbouring villages, the little household was kept going with the greatest difficulty, mainly by the exertions of Jim. Many a time, I fancy, had he and Bobbie known what it was to be hungry, and when in the winter time for weeks together the seas were too high for the boats to go out and money was very scarce—for the ocean is a capricious paymaster—often must Jim have experienced that vague feeling of despair which is perhaps the most unnerving and cruel of all the evils men have at times to bear. Not the least pathetic part of his recital was the loyalty with which he tried to excuse his father's shortcomings. I had never before seen him very serious, and his story, told with a simple directness as we were borne along the moon-lit waves, touched me deeply.

Before leaving Athelingford I had managed, with the help of some of my friends in London, to get enough money together to buy Jim a boat of his own. John Gritten, another of my fishing friends, and I, had journeyed to Lowestoft, where the effects of a fisherman who had lately died were to be sold. From the three or four boats for sale we chose one almost new, with all her fittings complete. Having bought a set of nets which were to be sent over by the carrier, John and I, mightily pleased with our choice, sailed back to Athelingford. So Jim was now his own master, no longer working for or dependent upon his father. His gratitude was very real as he shook my hand with a "Gawd bless yer, sir," and his eyes looked very earnest; then, his face lighting up, he laughed and said, "Bobbie and me'll soon be better off than most of 'em, you'll see, sir."

There was something of a Homeric simplicity about this enormous being with huge limbs and tanned skin,

who could just spell out the words of a newspaper with infinite pains, and to whom writing was an unknown art. His simplicity—or the rare depth of his understanding—showed itself in his great reverence for all that was mystical. The depth or colour of the sky, the stillness of the night, the awful grandeur of a thunderstorm, all seemed to affect him powerfully, to lift him from himself, to breathe into him something of the philosophic and poetic spirit of those to whom life is but a short opportunity of pondering on things unfathomable. Sometimes he would ask the oddest questions, questions suggestive of vast unthought-of possibilities.

Occasionally Jim used to get what he called a “raggin” from the parson for not going to church. “I ain’t one o’ them what say a lot o’ things as they don’t mean to do,” said he in extenuation of his shortcomings in this respect, “not that they’re tellin’ lies, either, ’cause they thinks all the toime as ’ow they’ll do ’em. As for me, I does the best I can, and I never goes a-fishing of a Sunday, leastways, not a-trawlin’ or a-shrimpin’, though, o’ course, we ’as to do the herr’n’in when there’s herr’ns to catch, and no ’mount o’ prayin’ makes the fish come when there ain’t any.”

* * * * *

And so I thought of my old friends till it began to grow cold. The sun was fast settling down. The even cliff at my back, intercepting his last rays, cast a shadow some hundred feet across the beach and the first few yards of dusky brown water. Beyond this line of shadow, thrown into brilliant relief by the gloom of the foreground, the great waves came rolling in in quick succession, lit up by resplendent shafts of light. Glittering masses of water, heavy snow-capped mountains, chased one another with all the light-heartedness of butterflies. Far out beyond the breakers the waters

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heaved and swelled in their pride of power, here and there breaking into peaks of snow-white foam. Ten or a dozen fishing boats, their sails glistening in the light, skidded along like Valkyries before the wind. Against the black lowering sky, the gulls seemed like enormous snow-flakes drifting lazily. Threatening storm clouds overspread the sky, which was edged on the horizon with a narrow strip of watery green: storm clouds wrapt in a thin veil, the colour of very dull amethyst. Gloom above, dull gloom below; and, between, a wondrous, trembling flood of light, dazzling and pure, issuing from the heart of the heavens, illumined the heaving, throbbing bosom of the eternal deep.

I turned and walked up a steep little path, looking back, from time to time, for another view of the sea I love so well—*j'en ai bu la tendresse et mangé l'épouvante.*

The path, winding round the face of the cliff, led up to the church, whence, I remembered, one could see the last of the setting sun.

At length I reached the top, and, resting for a moment with my elbows on the low moss-covered wall of the church-yard, I noticed a little wooden cross facing the sea; beneath, on a piece of painted iron, were the words:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES DUNTON, aged 20;
AND OF HIS BROTHER,
ROBERT DUNTON, aged 8;
TOGETHER DROWNED AT SEA,
January 9th, 1884.

As I turned away, the sun was disappearing behind a mass of lowering clouds and the earth was growing very dark; and I thought of Jim's prophecy, "Bobbie and me'll soon be better off than most of 'em, you'll see, sir."



A Fable.

By MAY SINCLAIR.

I.

There came to the earth in the years of yore,
A singer, beloved of the Mother of man,
As the soul that her soul had waited for,
Since her charmed course in heaven began.

For the Mother spoke to her child apart :
"None knoweth what was and what is to be ;
But the thing that thou lovest with thy whole heart
Will yield the whole of its heart to thee.

"Follow the sun from the East to the West,
And none shall bind thee and none shall hold ;
Drink deep from the springs of my bounteous breast
And the power that I gave to my sons of old

"Shall be thine ; so long as thine eyes forbear
To gaze, be it only in waking dream,
On the spirit that sleepeth unaware
In pool and river and wandering stream."

A Fable.

II.

He knew the word of all creeping things,
And the skylark's voice of divine desire,
When, lost like a star at noon, it flings
A song of light from a heart of fire.

He could hear the pulse of the budding tree,
Of the growing grass ; and he felt afar
The tremulous waves of the rhythmic sea
That rolleth in light from star to star.

The pæan of life, that ancient hymn,
He sang ; and the sound of the lyric spheres
Whose light in the heaven of heavens is dim,
Their song forgotten of mortal ears,

With the voice of the four great winds that sweep
The wastes of heaven unceasingly,
And the dreams of the earth's enchanted sleep,
Were woven in that great harmony.

III.

There is a forest of slumberous shade,
Lit through with many a shining lawn,
And many an ivy-tangled glade
Breaks through the shadows and fronts the dawn.

In the golden gloom, by the flowery ledge
Where the heart of the woodland pools lies bare,
He came. He bent to the water's edge,
And saw his own image all unaware.

A Fable.

Mysterious beauty, shadowy grace,
Eyes like stars in the crystal gloom,
The face as a god's immortal face,
And white as the white narcissus bloom.

IV.

He rose. He listened. Far underground
The dull earth throbbed with a sudden dread.
Then the silence burst with a shock, like sound ;
And he knew that his wizard power was dead.

That hour he vanished. The woodmen tell
That he comes, a shadow forlorn and grey,
With the wind at dawn, when a faint " Farewell "
Wakes in the forest and dies away.

And some hear singing, a mournful strain,
Like the sound of a sea on a far-off shore ;
And a shudder thrills through the earth, and pain
Beats like a heart at her heart's deep core.





Mrs. Harbould.

By CANON AINGER.



HERE is no need to tell once again at length the life-story of the eminent lady who lived so many years in Hampstead, and will always be one of its most justly honoured memories. Her niece, Miss Lucy Aikin, her great-niece, Mrs. Le Breton, and others, not forgetting Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, have done worthy service in preserving her reputation and her many claims to our respect and admiration. We all remember that she was the daughter of Dr. John Aikin, who was master of a nonconformist academy at Warrington; that her father gave her a classical education as well as making her mistress of modern languages; but that so modest was she as to her acquirements, that it was not till she was thirty-three years of age that she printed a volume of poems, and in the same year a joint volume with her brother, John Aikin, with whom later she was to collaborate again in the famous *Evenings at Home*—that charming and now forgotten children's book, to which so many of us owe the first awakenings of thought and

Mrs. Barbauld.

fancy. In 1774 Anna Letitia married a gentleman of French extraction, a Mr. Rochemont Barbauld, son of a clergyman of the Church of England, who, however, having been placed by his father as a pupil at the Warrington academy, "imbibed presbyterian opinions," and ultimately became a unitarian minister. The Barbaulds went to live in Suffolk, and established a school in the village of Palgrave, which prospered exceedingly, and where Mrs. Barbauld wrote and published her once popular "Hymns in Prose for Children." The school, after eleven years of profitable success, was discontinued, and the Barbaulds, after a year's foreign travel and a year in London, settled in Hampstead, where Mr. Barbauld took pupils, and became minister of the Chapel on Rosslyn Hill, since rebuilt.

Mrs. Barbauld's first impressions of the beauty of her new surroundings, then pure country, is surely not to be omitted here. It is thus she writes to her brother, then resident at Stoke Newington :—

Hampstead is certainly the pleasantest village about London. The mall of the place, a kind of terrace, which they call *Prospect Walk*, commands a most extensive and varied view over Middlesex and Berkshire, in which is included, besides many inferior places, the majestic Windsor and lofty Harrow, which last is so conspicuously placed that you know King James called it "God's visible Church upon Earth." Hampstead and Highgate are mutually objects to each other, and the road between them is delightfully pleasant, lying along Lord Mansfield's fine woods, and the Earl of Southampton's *ferme ornée*. Lady Mansfield and Lady Southampton, I am told, are both admirable dairy-women, and so jealous of each other's fame in that particular, that they have had many heart-burnings, and have, once or twice, been very near a serious falling-out, over the dispute which of them could make the greatest quantity of butter from such a number of cows. On observing the beautiful smoothness of the turf in some of the fields about this place, I was told, the gentlemen, to whom they belonged, had them rolled like a garden plot.

As we have no house, we are not visited, except by those with

Mrs. Barbauld.

whom we have connections, but, few as they are, they have filled our time with a continual round of company, we have not been six days alone. This is a matter I do not altogether wish, for they make very long tea-drinking afternoons, and a whole long afternoon is really a piece of life. However, they are very kind and civil. I am trying to get a little company in a more improving way, and have made a party with a young lady to read Italian together.

I pity the young ladies of Hampstead, there are several very agreeable ones. One gentleman has five tall marriageable daughters, and not a single young man is to be seen in the place, but of widows and old maids such a plenty.

"The Village of Hampstead," Mrs. Le Breton adds "was then even more secluded than its distance from town seemed to warrant; the hill apparently being considered almost inaccessible." In a diary kept by Mr. Barbauld, he frequently speaks of being prevented from going to town by the state of the roads; and the passengers by the stage coach were always required to walk up the hill. Mrs. Barbauld in a letter to Dr. Aikin describes the house they afterwards took as "standing in the high road at the entrance of the village quite surrounded by fields." Mrs. Le Breton, writing in 1874, refers to the house as still standing—"the one immediately above Rosslyn Terrace," but I do not know if it has survived another quarter of a century.

During the years at Hampstead, Mrs. Barbauld collaborated with her brother, Dr. Aikin, in the once popular "Evenings at Home." The work appeared in successive volumes, six in number, between 1792 and 1795. Out of the ninety-nine stories, allegories, dialogues, and school-room dramas, contained in the work, only fourteen were contributed by Mrs. Barbauld, and these have not perhaps attained such distinction as some by her brother. "Eyes and No Eyes," the most famous of them all, was his, and the "Transmigrations of Indur." On the other hand, the lady wrote "The Little Philo-

sopher," and the two dramatic scenes, dealing with Alfred the Great in the neatherd's cottage, and King Canute rebuking the flattery of his courtiers. How well does the present writer recall the feeding of his nascent histrionic ambitions in the title-roles of these two engaging dramas; and how the relentless ocean was represented by a large blue dust-cloth, beneath which two other denizens of the nursery persistently rolled to produce the effect of the stormy billows.

The book seems to be neglected by the present generation of young people and their parents. The children's books of to-day are written for the most part with one eye on the children, and the other on the adult reader—with the results we all of us know so well. Whatever the defects of the memorable group of such works, ranging from *Sandford and Merton*, in 1783—89, to Miss Edgeworth's stories in 1810 onwards, they never erred in this direction. They kept their eye fixed on their object. They had, indeed—at least Thomas Day and Maria Edgeworth had—the defects of their qualities. One was a trifle socialistic, the other a trifle too utilitarian. "*Sandford and Merton*" admitted of easy parody, which it has received from Mr. Burnand and others in our own time. But the Aikin and Barbauld work remains a classic, whether or not it is still found in our schoolrooms, by virtue of the presence in it of a poetic imagination, quite distinct from that gift of invention which enabled Maria Edgeworth to construct the admirable stories in the *Parents' Assistant*. Miss Edgeworth abounds in moral good sense; but the Aikins have a way of striking a child's moral imagination which had no counterpart in the rival caterers for the nursery of their day. It was Dr. Aikin, I think, and not his sister, who told of the little girl and her mother

walking through the city on a Sunday morning, when the Anglican was coming out of his church, the Quaker out of his meeting-house, the Wesleyan and the Baptist out of their respective chapels. "See, my child," is the mother's remark, "how mankind differ!" By and by, a poor wayfarer is struck down with a fit in the open street. The churchman takes his head in his lap, the dissenter fetches a doctor, the Friend administers remedies, and all are alike keen to succour the distressed. "See my child," is the mother's second comment, "how mankind agree."

If these admirable sketches are forgotten, and the Prose Hymns no longer in vogue, there is still a certainty that Mrs. Barbauld's name will endure as a poetess, though it be, with many a reader, on the strength of a single poem. Her poetical gift was remarkable; but she shared the fate of all but the supreme poetical masters in the Renaissance of the end of the eighteenth and opening of the nineteenth century, in that she was hampered by the traditions and the example of the school that was passing away. She had style, and a fine sense of metrical charm, but too often she could not disengage herself from the bias of certain poets whom she admired. Especially was she fascinated by Collins, whose poems she edited; and one of her own poems, the *Ode to Spring* is closely modelled in metre and style, and even in treatment, on the famous *Ode to Evening*. But when she succeeded in breaking away from the old metres and the old diction, in which thought had so long been cramped, she showed that distinction and individuality which give poetry a right to live. We all know the concluding lines of her poem called "Life." The poem has for motto the first line of the famous apostrophe to the soul, attributed to the Emperor Hadrian,

Mrs. Barbauld.

“Animula, vagula, blandula,” known up to Mrs. Barbauld’s time chiefly by Pope’s tawdry and theatrical paraphrase, “Vital spark of Heavenly Flame.” Mrs. Barbauld treats it in far nobler and worthier fashion. The fate of her now famous verses has been peculiar. They have survived on the strength of the concluding stanza or strophe, which is cited in most modern anthologies (even by the scholarly compiler of the *Golden Treasury*) as if it were the whole poem. But the introductory and larger portion is in every way worthy of it, and, moreover, separated from their context the last lines lose their significance, so that I make no apology for giving the poem in its entirety :—

Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me’s a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where’er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.
O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I ?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter’s base encumbering weed ?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years th’ appointed hour,
To break thy trance and reassume thy power ?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be ?
O say what art thou, when no more thou’rt Thee.

Life ! We’ve been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;

Mrs. Barbauld.

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear ;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.

Readers of Crabb Robinson's Diary will recall the interesting anecdote connecting Mrs. Barbauld's name with Wordsworth. Speaking of her collected works, published after her death by her niece, Crabb Robinson adds, "Among the poems is a stanza on Life, written in extreme old age. It had delighted my sister, to whom I repeated it on her deathbed. It was long after I gave these works to Miss Wordsworth that her brother said, 'Repeat me that stanza by Mrs. Barbauld.' I did so. He made me repeat it again. And so he learned it by heart. He was at the time walking in his sitting-room at Rydal, with his hands behind him, and I heard him mutter to himself, 'I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines.' "

The fame of this particular ode was posthumous. The only one of her poems that attracted wide attention in her life-time was the once much discussed poem, entitled "1801," in which the writer was impelled by what seemed the forlorn condition of England, to despair of the future fortunes of her country and predict its ruin. It was indeed a dark hour the nation was passing through in the great struggle with Napoleon. Things were looking bad in the Peninsula, and Napoleon's efforts to isolate England, by what was called the continental system, seemed nearest to success. Moreover Mrs. Barbauld believed—as to which she was a true prophet—in the future greatness of the United States.

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She believed, with Bishop Berkeley, from whom indeed she may have drawn her inspiration, that,

“Westward the course of Empire takes its way,”

and though she trusted still in the final predominance of an English-speaking nation, it was to be one from another hemisphere. Mrs. Barbauld was no “little Englander.” It was no “craven fear of being great” that prompted her misgivings. Her admiration and affection for her country are read through every line of her prophetic despondency. It was rather a feminine timidity, and that natural horror of bloodshed which affects many persons when war has been long in progress, and overcomes the healthier conviction that a struggle for the world’s good is best for a nation whether the end be success or failure. There was an element also, no doubt, of political antipathy in the lines, which accounted for the fierceness with which she was attacked by the Party organs on the other side. The *Quarterly Review* treated her with the characteristic insolence that marked that early stage of literary warfare, and caused her great and enduring pain. But no great harm followed her predictions. Their most noteworthy outcome was the curious incident that Macaulay, in reviewing Ranke’s “History of the Popes,” predicted that the Roman Catholic Church shewed so little sign of decay, that it would or might still exist “in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul’s.” Macaulay’s Essay was written nearly thirty years later than Mrs. Barbauld’s poem, and there can be no doubt that his prediction was



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a quite unconscious reminiscence of Mrs. Barbauld ; she too had foretold the day when some visitor,

“From the Blue Mountains or Ontario’s Lake,”

might curiously trace the crumbling turrets and the broken stairs of London,

“And choked no more with fleets, fair Thames survey,
Through reeds and sedge pursue his idle way.”

Of Mrs. Barbauld’s Prose Essays, mainly didactic, and often clothed in fable or allegory, little needs to be said save that they everywhere show her moral good sense and insight. In some matters, indeed, she would not satisfy the intellectual yearnings of her sex in the present day as to female culture. A proposal to start a Ladies’ College, over which she should preside, found no favour in her eyes. Although herself brought up with some knowledge of the ancient classics, she regarded herself as no rule for others—a kind of “freak,” as it were, and the mere creature of circumstances. The duties of the home and the sick-room seemed to her quite sufficient for the average girl. But on the larger question of what Education is, as distinguished from Instruction, and as to those early years when the child is influenced by what Thomas Hood wittily called “Impressions before the Letters,” her teaching was admirably sound. Her essay entitled “Education,” in which she warns the father that his child’s character will inevitably be formed by what he sees and notes in the parent and in his surroundings, and not by what the parent tells him to be and do, involves counsel that can never be obsolete. “You,” she says, “that have toiled during youth to set your son upon higher ground, and

to enable him to begin where you left off, do not expect that son to be what you were—diligent, modest, active, simple in his tastes, fertile in resources. You have put him under quite a different master. Poverty educated *you*, wealth will educate *him*.

One other essay may be referred to because it marks almost pathetically, a breaking away from the severely philosophical principles of her co-religionists, and caused many weepings over her defection. It is the one entitled "Thoughts on the Devotional Taste." She here pleads for the admission into the forms of Divine Worship of some little element of the emotional and the sentimental, and even has a word to say for that offence which in the days following Wesley and Whitefield had almost come, even with devout Anglicans, to be regarded as the unpardonable sin—that of enthusiasm. "Let us not," she finely says, "be superstitiously afraid of superstition." But her warning fell upon unprepared ground. This very moderate and humble plea was so little satisfactory to her niece and biographer, that Miss Aikin found herself compelled to note that "the piece betrays, it must be confessed, that propensity to tread on dangerous ground which sometimes appears an instinct of genius."

Mrs. Barbauld's life was prosperous, as it was useful and honoured. But she had one great sorrow. Her marriage was surely one of affection, but was hardly prudent. Mr. Barbauld had early shown symptoms which pointed to brain-trouble, in the form of a morbid irritability. Mrs. Barbauld seems to have been forewarned of this, but she flattered herself that her love and care would overcome these tendencies. But they deepened and darkened with years until they ended in chronic mania. Moreover she had no children, and the

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little "Charles" of the Early Lessons was an adopted nephew, the son of her brother, Dr. Aikin. Yet the married life in its earlier days had its bright and happy moments. Some verses addressed to her husband, when just four years had passed, I shall be forgiven for quoting, for like all her poems, save one, they have passed out of our ken, and even from the anthologies. The date of the poem, which heads it, was probably Mr. Barbauld's birthday. It was certainly not his wife's, nor their wedding day. The lines show the grace and playfulness and more than the tenderness of Matthew Prior.

TO MR. BARBAULD.

November 14, 1778.

Come, clear thy studious looks awhile,
'Tis arrant treason now
To wear that moping brow
When I, thy empress, bid thee smile.

What though the fading year
One wreath will not afford
To grace the poet's hair,
Or deck the festal board ;

A thousand pretty ways we'll find
To mock old Winter's starving reign ;
We'll bid the violets spring again,
Bid rich poetic roses blow,
Peeping above his heaps of snow ;
We'll dress his withered cheeks in flowers,
And on his smooth bald head
Fantastic garlands bind :
Garlands which we will get
From the gay blooms of that immortal year,
Above the turning seasons set,
Where young ideas shoot in Fancy's sunny bowers.

Mrs. Barbauld.

A thousand pleasant arts we'll have
To add new feathers to the wings of Time,
And make him smoothly haste away :
We'll use him as our slave,
And when we please we'll bid him stay,
And clip his wings, and make him stop to view
Our studies, and our follies too ;
How sweet our follies are, how high our fancies climb.

We'll little care what others do
And where they go, and what they say ;
Our bliss, all inward and our own,
Would only tarnished be, by being shewn.
The talking restless world shall see,
Spite of the world we'll happy be ;
But none shall know
How much we're so,
Save only Love, and we.

The Barbaulds left Hampstead in 1802 and removed to Stoke Newington in order to be near her brother, Dr. Aikin, who had given up his London practice and settled there in 1798. Still full of energy in spite of growing anxieties as to her husband's health, she achieved an excellent piece of editorial work in the *Correspondence*, with *Memoir*, of Samuel Richardson.

Crabb Robinson first made her personal acquaintance in 1805, and describes her (she was then in her sixty-third year) as bearing "the remains of great personal beauty. She had a brilliant complexion, light hair, blue eyes, a small elegant figure, and her manners were very agreeable, with something of the generation then departing." Her husband ended "that long disease, his life," in 1808. Her brother died in 1822, and she herself survived three years longer, dying at the age of eighty-two, on the ninth of March, 1825.

A memorable and admirable woman was Anna Letitia Barbauld. Within her limits she was many-

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sided. She was a poetess with a real sense of metrical charm, but with many indications that she was held back by some invisible force from pressing into the kingdom of poetry that was growing up around her. She could never quite resist the influences of the eighteenth century, though the nineteenth was dawning at her feet. Her theology, or the absence of any, causes her devotional writings, hymns in prose or verse, to strike us as tepid and ineffectual, in despite of her truly reverential nature. She never was wholly weaned from the idolatry of common-sense, though she felt, as we have seen, the weak side of the religious conceptions among which she had grown up. But she would have revolted from the Calvinism of Cowper, and remained content with the lower temperature of Thomson and Young. But in an age of frivolity and dissipation in high life, she set up noble standards and lived by them herself, and more than one generation of children has had reason to call her blessed.





The Talisman.

(A Parable.)

By BEATRICE HARRADEN.



UT when the gifts had been given and the child was being borne away, an old man thrust himself forward.

"I, too, have a gift for the child," he said. "Nay, but I will give it. It is a rare gem. Only the few may chance upon it."

Then he opened his trembling hand and disclosed a tiny jewel in the form of a laurel wreath.

The guests laughed.

"Only that!" they cried. "A paltry thing indeed, of no value!"

"It is a talisman," the old man answered, "and he who wears it shall be safe even in the proudest moments of success. His soul shall not be soiled, his heart shall not be withered up. He shall see clearly, looking ever to the light."

Then the guests laughed still more scornfully:

"Away, old fool!" they cried. "Away with you and your trinket, and your silly raving."

So they drove him away, and the talisman fell to the ground.

But the nurse found it and fastened it in secret around the child's neck.

"It is a pretty bauble," she said, "and the child shall wear it."



Shelley's Eldonais.

By Professor JOHN W. HALES.



AMPSTEAD has been visited by several of the greatest English poets, and sometimes we know exactly to what part or house their steps tended. Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson we know sojourned in our suburb for a time occasionally; and many lesser poetic names, and yet names of considerable distinction, such as Pope, Leigh Hunt, Allingham, Hood, are certainly associated with it. Probably enough Milton may have been entertained at the house of Sir Henry Vane the younger—the “Vane young in years, but in sage counsel old,” to whom he addresses one of his most confident and admiring sonnets. Nor indeed can any conjecture be pronounced extravagant that pictures any one of London's greatest inhabitants—Chaucer, Spenser or Shakespeare—making his way to Primrose Hill or to Hampstead Heath, to survey in the distance the great capital that was in his days so far from having extended itself to its present dimensions. But we have facts enough to glorify Hampstead, without having recourse to fancies, however plausible. Briefly, Hampstead has perpetually been

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visited by men of the highest and the most justly deserved reputation. But undoubtedly the most famous poet who has ever resided and made his home amongst us is Keats, in genius and promise one of the greatest of our poets, though he was not altogether fortunate in the early surroundings of his literary life, and he did not live to exhibit his powers in their full maturity and splendour. His life is connected with other parts of London,* and with other places besides London; but his most important local link is with Hampstead, and for every Hampstead man he has a local as well as a national interest. Of one of his earliest pieces, "I stood a tip-toe upon a little hill"—Leigh Hunt informs us in his *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*, that "this poem was suggested to Keats by a delightful summer's day as he stood beside the gate that leads from the battery on Hampstead Heath into a field by Caen Wood." There is evidence it was not written there and then,§ and Hunt does not say it was so; he says as we have seen, that it was suggested on a certain day by a certain spot in Hampstead. And we may well believe that other Hampstead suggestions are to be detected, or, at all events, exist in the writings of this the most illustrious poet that has dwelt and found it good to dwell within our precincts.

I am now, however, not about to attempt any such scrutiny, but to discuss the meaning of the name by which another of our greatest poets, who, as a visitor, was well familiar with Hampstead, speaks of Keats in

* The gateway of the stables in Finsbury Pavement, with which his father was connected, is still standing, as Canon Benham, one of the best authorities on the literary associations of the city, informs me. He was lodging somewhere in what is now called Easton Road, when he first read Chapman's *Homer*.

§ See Mr. Buxton Forman's last Edition of Keats, vol. i. 7 (Gowans and Gray, Glasgow, 1900).

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an In Memoriam poem of immortal beauty. Shelley, in verses inspired by the keenest indignation against certain critics as well as by a profound sense of the mystery and the pathos of human life, speaks of Keats as "Adonais," and his noble monody is called after its subject, *Adonais*.

Something, if time and space permitted, might fitly be said here of the mutual relations of Shelley and Keats, of their mutual attractions and repulsions, of their misappreciations and of their growing sympathies. They had breathed very different atmospheres, and though they had in common a profound delight in Greek art, yet they were reared in schools that did not inter-harmonise, and, in fact, in their earlier intercourse failed to understand each other and to discover their divine kinship. But time was bringing a better judgment. We have evidence that Shelley was discerning more and more clearly the rare quality of Keats's work, in spite of all the defects of taste and scholarship that mar his earlier productions ; and one of the last things he was reading was one of Keats's volumes. "The tall slight figure," writes Trelawney, after he had looked at the body washed ashore near Via Reggio in the Duchy of Lucca, on July 19th, 1822, "the jacket, the volume of Sophocles in one pocket [elsewhere Trelawney says "Æschylus," and so Dr. Garnett], and Keats' poems in the other, doubled back as if the reader in the act of reading had hastily thrust it away, were all too familiar to me to leave a doubt on my mind that this mutilated corpse was any other than Shelley's." "It has been stated," says Dr. Dowden, in a note on this quotation in his *Life of Shelley*, "that the volume of Keats's poems was doubled back at 'The Eve of St. Agnes.'" Keats had died at Rome some year and a half before. Truly,

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in death, whatever is to be said of their union before, these two brilliant geniuses were not divided.

But to turn to our immediate matter. Why is Keats styled Adonais in the most generous and most exquisite poem, Shelley, not long to survive him, devotes to his memory? The word, and especially the form of it, have caused much perplexity.* But yet I think it can be satisfactorily explained, and I propose to explain it.

As to the main part of the word, to postpone the consideration of the final syllables—the “äis,” which has proved such a stumbling block—there cannot be any doubt at all, and none of any weight has ever been expressed, that the story vivid in Shelley’s mind when he penned these stanzas was the well-known one which tells how the lovely youth Adon or Adonis was gored to death by a wild boar. He believed, what we now happily know was not the case, that Keats’s health had been impaired and his life shortened by the ruffianly attack made on his poetry in the *Quarterly Review*; and so he perceived a satisfactory and serviceable likeness between the quadruped that killed Adonis and the biped that assaulted Keats, beasts both, as it seemed to him and seems to many after him. On June 8th, 1821, he writes thus to Ollier, his publisher :

“You may announce for publication a poem entitled *Adonais*. It is a lament on the death of poor Keats with some interspersed stabs on the assassins of his peace and of his fame. . . . If you have interest enough in the subject, I could wish that you enquired of some of the friends and relations of Keats respecting the circumstances of his death, and could transmit me any information you may be able to collect, and especially

* Hogg in an unpublished letter, as Dr. R. Garnett kindly informs me, asks, after acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the poem : “Is Adonais the name of a man? Is it not rather a daughter, or a poem concerning Adonis?”

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as [to] the degree in which, as I am assured, the brutal attack in the *Quarterly Review* excited the disease by which he perished."

It may be remarked that Shelley might justly have coupled *Blackwood's Magazine* with the *Quarterly Review*, for indeed that sagacious serial, in one (No. 4) of a series of articles "On the Cockney School of Poetry," and "directed mainly and venomously," to use Mr. W. M. Rossetti's words, "against Leigh Hunt," fell foul of Keats. But Shelley does not seem to have known of Blackwood's performance. To any fair criticism Shelley would have been the last man in the world to object, and, undoubtedly, there were many things open to criticism in Keats's *juvenilia*. He speaks frankly in his Preface to *Adonais* of his "known repugnance to the narrow principles of taste on which several of his [Keats's] earlier compositions were modelled." There was justification enough, as such things go, for sticking the label of "Cockneys" on Leigh Hunt and his set, of which to begin with Keats was a member, but from which he was soon eager to dis-attach himself; for, indeed, Hunt was no competent or worthy master of such a pupil as Keats. But what irritated Shelley was not any legitimate fault-finding, but the gross and vulgar abusiveness of what pretended to be a critique. This insolent reviewer seemed a mere monster seeking whom he might devour, and determined to devour anyone in any way allied with so notorious a person as Leigh Hunt. And Shelley, as has already been said and as is well known, believed Keats to have been worried to death by this most offensive creature.

"The savage criticism on his 'Endymion,'" he writes, "which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind. The agitation thus originated ended in the

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rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued; and the succeeding acknowledgements from more candid critics of the true greatness of his powers were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

It may be well said that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows, or one, like Keats's, composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates, is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to *Endymion*, was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated with various degrees of complacency and panegyric *Paris*, and *Woman*, and *A Syrian Tale*, and Mrs. Lefanu, and Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Howard Payne, and a long list of the illustrious obscure? . . .

I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of *Endymion* was exasperated by the bitter sense of unrequited benefits. [Here, too, Shelley speaks on some inaccurate information.] The poor fellow seems to have been hooted from the stage of life no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius than those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care."

Amongst the passages intended for, but eventually omitted from the Preface, we find these words :

Reviewers, with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic. But a young spirit, panting for fame, doubtful of its powers, and certain only of its aspirations, is ill-qualified to assign its true value to the sneer of this world. He knows not that such stuff as this is of the abortive and monstrous birth which time consumes as fast as it produces. . . . The offence of this poor victim seems to have consisted solely in his intimacy with Leigh Hunt, Mr. Hazlitt, and some other enemies of despotism and superstition.*

And several points brought out in this and in the Preface, as it appears at the head of *Adonais*, are brought out also in a letter he began to write but never finished, addressed directly to the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*.—See *Essays, Letters from Abroad*,

* See Dr. Garnett's "Relics of Shelley," 1862, pp. 49 and 50.

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Translations and Fragments by Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Edited by Mrs. Shelley, 1840, vol. ii., pp. 286—9.

Thus the brutal criticaster who had set on Keats so furiously, might well recall to Shelley the wild boar whose tusks had torn and ravaged the fair form of Adonis ; and some such image is clearly in his mind as he writes his Elegy, as these stanzas sufficiently show :

O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare *the unpastured dragon in his den* ?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh ! where was then
Wisdom the mirror'd shield, or scorn the spear ?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,

The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

The herded wolves bold only to pursue,
The obscure ravens, clamorous o'er the dead,
The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,
Who feed where desolation first has fed
And whose wings rain contagion—how they fled,
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
And smiled ! The spoilers tempt no second blow ;
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

Our Adonais has drunk poison. Oh !
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe ?
The nameless worm would now itself disown ;
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame !
Live ! Fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remember'd name !
But be thyself, and know thyself to be !
And ever at thy season be thou free

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To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow ;
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee ;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion-kites that weep below.
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead ;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
Dust to the dust ! But the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame

That the story of Adonis and the wild-boar is specially before Shelley's fancy as he laments for Keats, is further illustrated—if any further illustration is needed—by the fact that there are in *Adonais* several reminiscences of Bion's Epitaphios Adonidos. Thus, *e.g.*, the lines

Stay yet awhile ! Speak to me once again ;
Kiss me so long but as a kiss may live

unmistakeably recall the words Bion put into the mouth of Kupris, beginning

Adonis, stay !

(Ahrens reads Hadonis here, and several times elsewhere)

Luckless Adonis, stay
Kiss me for so long while as lives a kiss

to translate the Greek quite closely ; but, in fact, Shelley's line is an admirable rendering of the original. Again compare

Oh ! weep for Adonais—he is dead !
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep.

with Bion's apostrophe to the bereaved Goddess :

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Wake, miserable one, dark-stoled and beat
Thy breast, and cry to all men : 'He is dead !
Dead is the fair Adonis !'

to attempt again a quite literal translation.

Compare also Shelley's description of Urania's travel "through camps and cities rough with stone and steel" to Adonais' death-chamber with Bion's picture of Aphrodite's wanderings in the wildness of her grief : Ll. 21 and 22. :

Her as she goes the brambles rend, and shed
Her sacred blood——

And stanza 17 of *Adonais* with lines 33 and 34 of the *Epitaphios Adonidos*, Ed. Ahrens.

The story of Adonis is often referred to by other Greek Pastoral Poets besides Bion ; and evidently Shelley in writing his elegy turned to the Greek Pastoral poets, just as his great Hellenistic predecessor, Milton, turned to them when he wrote *Lycidas*. Milton's

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved *Lycidas* ?

and Shelley's

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness ?

are both suggested by certain exquisite lines in the *Thyrsis* of Theocritus, which though I would fain quote *ipsissima verba*, may be thus Englished :

Where, where were ye, O Nymphs, when Daphnis lay
A dying ? In Peneus' lovely vales,
Or on the heights of Pindus ?

Theocritus' idyll, that pictures two Syracusan women going to the feast of Adonis, is, thanks to Matthew Arnold, familiar to most people. But beyond question

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the Greek Pastoral poem that specially haunted Shelley's memory when he composed *Adonais* was Moschūs Epitaphios Bionos. Of this reminiscences abound. Thus Shelley :

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay
* * * * *

Since she can mimic not his lips,—etc.

and thus Moschus :

Echo amidst the rocks sits mourning, for that thou
Liest so silent, and no longer she
Mimics thy lips

The two poems should be read carefully side by side ; and if the comparison is to be as perfect as may be, the original Greek must be read ; for indeed poetry cannot be translated. Translations have, of course, their use ; and it may be better to know a great poem through such a medium than not to know it at all. But let it clearly be understood, that no great poem can be really and fully known, if it is not studied in its original language. But, to confine ourselves to our present business, even in Moschus' " Lament for Bion," we have a reference to the Adonis story. See lines 69 and 70 of Ahrens' text :

The Cyprian she loves you even more
Than the fond kiss with which she lately kissed
Dying Adonis

where Moschus gracefully alludes to the line already quoted from Bion's Epitaphios Adonidos.

It may just be mentioned that there are Greek words *Adon* or *Adonis*, Doric forms of *Aedon* or *Aedonis*, meaning nightingale ; and these words occur in Moschus' idyll. Also it may be noted that Shelley speaks of

Thy [Keats's] spirit's sister the lorn nightingale ;



HOLFORD HOUSE, FROM THE VALE OF HEALTH.

(From the original pencil sketch made in 1843 by the late George Henry Vernon.)

but after what has been said, it may be confidently held that the name *Adonais* is not derived from this source.

It remains now to consider the latter part of the name *Adonais*, viz., the *ais*. It is this that has caused so much difficulty. Why is *Adonis* here written *Adonais*? Some persons who, to judge from other indications, have a very scanty—if any—knowledge of Greek, assert that *Adonais* is the Doric form of *Adonis*. For this statement there is not the slightest authority. It seems to prove clearly enough that those who make it have little acquaintance with the Doric dialect. Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, all write in Doric; and they all have the form *Adonis*, or *Hadonis*. Of the form *Adonais* there is no trace whatever.

If we were to try to treat the form as of Greek origin, we should have to compare it with such names as *Athenais*, *Thebais*, *Lais*. But in all these and the like instances the suffix is not *ais* but *is*, the *a* belonging to the body of the word; and this *is* has a feminine force. It is the same *is* as in *Cypris*, *Atthis*, *Pimpleis*. So we get no light in this direction. We must therefore turn in another.

In fact, we must turn to the languages from which the Greeks borrowed the name *Adonis*; and we have the solution of the problem at once. *Adonis* is in origin the Phœnician *Adoni*, the *s* being the Greek nominative mark. But in another Semitic dialect, viz., in Hebrew the form is *Adonai*; and this is the form adopted by Shelley, the *s* added as in the cognate *Adonis*. This is the word ordinarily rendered "Lord" in our version of the Old Testament. More accurately it should be translated "my lord," "lord of me," "and thus contains in itself the object of the lordship;" see Rawlinson's *Religions of the Ancient World*, p. 155. In another

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work, *Phœnicia*, in the Story of the Nations Series, 1889, p. 35, Professor Rawlinson writes :

Adonis held a much more important position (than Hadad or Adad or Adod). The word is properly Adonai "my Lord," and was probably in the olden time an epithet of Baal, but later it became a designation for the Sun-god, or rather for the sun in certain of its relations. The sun in winter, withdrawing himself from the Northern hemisphere, was considered to suffer a temporary death ; and this was typified by the death of Adonis through a wound inflicted upon him by the tusk of a boar, as he hunted in the heights of Lebanon. The river Adonis, really swollen and discoloured by the autumn rains, was considered to be reddened with his blood ; and the Phœnician maidens flocked yearly to the banks of the stream to weep and beat their breasts for his loss.*

See also Ragozin's *Assyria*, 1888, pp. 141 and 2. Dean Stanley in his *Lectures of the History of the Jewish Church*, part iii., 1879, pp. 141 and 2, treats of the adoption of the name *Adonai* in place of *Jehovah*:

In accordance with these isolated indications [he has been speaking of the Jewish "awe of the Divine Name" and the shrinking from its utterance] was the general practice of which we cannot ascertain the exact beginning, by which the special name of the God of Israel was now withdrawn, and, as far as the Hebrew race was concerned, for ever withdrawn from the speech and even the writings of the Nation. Already at the time of the Samaritan secession in the days of Nehemiah the change began to operate. In their usages, instead of the word "Jehovah," was substituted "Shemeh," or "the Name" ; but they still had retained the word unaltered in their own copies of the Law. But the Jews of Jerusalem in the place of the ancient name substituted first by pronunciation, and then by changing the points of the vowels, throughout the sacred writings, the word "Adonai,"‡ "Lord" or "Master" —the same word that appears for the Phœnician deity whom the Syrian maidens mourned on Lebanon. By the time that the Greek translators of the Hebrew scriptures undertook their task they found that this conventional phrase had become completely established, and therefore, whenever the word *Jehovah* occurs in the Hebrew, misrendered it *Kùrios* "Master" ; and the Latin translators, following the Greek, mis-

* See *Ezekiel* viii., 13 and 14.

‡ In a note Dr. Stanley remarks : "Thus Plutarch (*Quæst. Conv.* v., 612) regards *Adonis* as the name of the God of the Jews, and makes it one of the reasons for identifying him with Bacchus."

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rendered it again, with their eyes open, *Dominus*; and the Protestant versions, with a few rare exceptions, misrendered it yet again "Lord."

Thus the form *Adonai* became current, and found its way into English books from the Old Morality of *Every Man* to the *Zanoni* of Shelley's younger contemporary, Bulwer Lytton—so chequered is the fortune of names. Says Every Man to Fellowship in the old Play:

Commanded I am to go a journey
A long way, hard and dangerous;
And give straight account without delay
Before the High Judge Adonai.*

Now, though, as we have seen, the story of Adonis and the wild boar ran in Shelley's head as so closely typical of his own theme, there were other associations with the name of Adonis; other sides and aspects of his legend, that made it unsuitable for his purpose. The name Adonis recalled, before everything else, Shakespeare's celebrated poem, of which the central idea was not Adonis' miserable end—though that is not forgotten—but Venus' violent but unreciprocated passion. The genius of the brilliant Warwickshire youth had given a different turn to our interest in the lovely Phœnician, and so diverted us from the tragedy of his death; he had made a new study of him—made him the type of the eager sportsman who cared nothing for the amorous caresses of even Aphrodite herself:

Hunting he lov'd but love he laugh'd to scorn.

To have assigned the name of Adonis to Keats would have been to bewilder Shelley's readers, already pre-possessed with a certain particular conception allied with that name. Yet he wished to make use of the wild

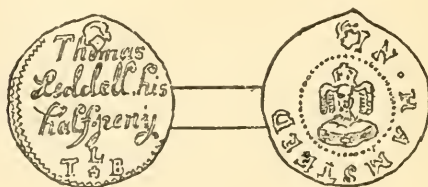
* Dr. R. Garnett kindly calls my attention to the form "*Asmadai*" in *Par. Lost* vi. 365.

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boar incident as so pertinent and apt. He succeeded in avoiding what he would avoid, and in suggesting what he would suggest by adopting a variant of the name Adonis. Probably in resolving the Hebrew diphthong ai into separate vowels, Shelley was influenced by those Greek forms in äis that are mentioned above.

Much more might be said in the way of illustration and in other ways ; but such, in brief, is, as I venture to think, the explanation of this hitherto unexplained form *Adonais*.

P.S.—I have to thank my friends Professor Skeat and Professor Chase for some valuable comments on this paper, and do so cordially. But they are not in the least responsible for any of its shortcomings.



HAMPSTEAD TOKEN, 17TH CENTURY.



Sabrina Fair.

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

High the vanes of Shrewsbury gleam
Islanded in Severn stream ;
The bridges from the steepled crest
Cross the water east and west.

The flag of morn in conqueror's state
Enters at the English gate ;
The vanquished eve, as night prevails,
Bleeds upon the road to Wales.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD.



IN my old school upon the Severn, I can see now that we were not educated at all ; no scientific methods were tried upon us. I doubt if any of the masters had even heard there was such a thing as a science of education. To them education was a natural process which all decent people went through, like washing ; and their ideas upon it were as unscientific as was our method of "swilling," when we ran down naked from the bedrooms to sheds in the backyards, sluiced cold water over us with zinc basins, and then came dripping back to dry upstairs. And yet I do remember one young mathematician whose form by the end of his hour was always reduced to a flushed and radiant chaos ; and when the other masters complained, he replied that this was part

of his "system." So I suppose that he at all events was scientific, and had possibly studied Pedagogy in Germany.

The others were content to teach what they had learnt, and in the same manner. Most of them were Shrewsbury boys themselves, and because Greek had been taught there for more than three centuries, they taught Greek. Of course, we had Latin too, and up to the sixth form our time was equally divided between the two languages ; but Latin, as being easier and rather more connected with modern life, never ranked so high, and we turned to it with the relief which most men feel when the ladies rise from the dinner-table. Latin prose, it is true, was thought more of than Greek prose, and no doubt there was some instinctive reason why. I suspect that in reality it is the more difficult ; for it was the unconscious rule of our ancient tradition, that of two subjects the more difficult was the better worth learning, provided always that both were entirely useless.

Of Greek our knowledge was both peculiar and limited. We were allowed no devices to make the language in the least interesting, no designs, or pictures, or explanations. We had no idea what the Greek plays looked like on the stage, or why Demosthenes uttered those long-winded sentences. We knew nothing of the Dantesque pride underlying the tortured prose of Thucydides, and when a sixth-form master told us that the stupendous myth at the end of the "Phædo" appeared to him singularly childish, we took no notice of the remark one way or other. We only knew the passage was easy, just as Homer was easy, and choruses hard. The greater part of the school believed that Greek literature was written as a graduated series of

problems for Shrewsbury boys to solve, and when a sixth-form boy was asked by a new master whether he did not consider the "Prometheus" a very beautiful play, he replied that he thought it contained too many weak cæsuras.

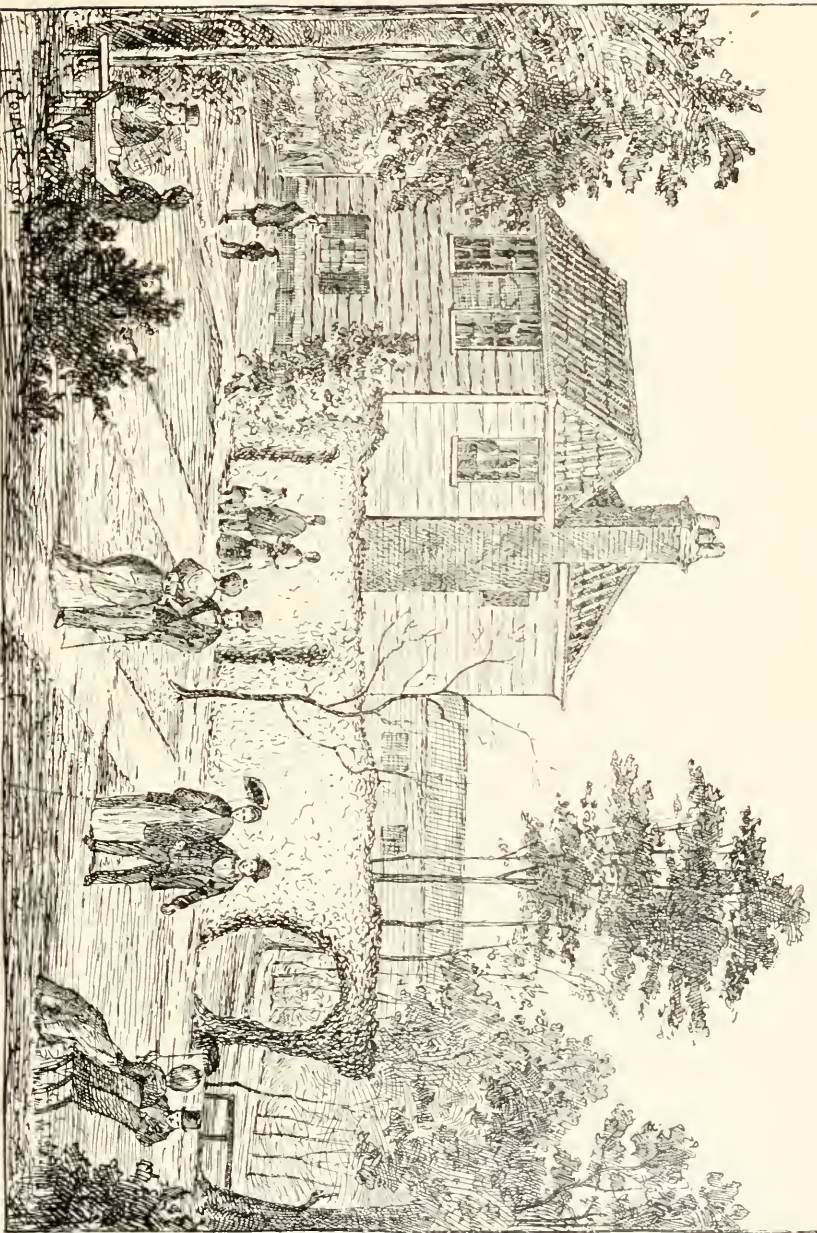
So there was nothing in the least artistic about our knowledge. No one expected us to find either beauty or pleasure in what we read, and we found none. Nor were we scientific; we neither knew nor cared how the Greek words arose, or how the aorists grew, and why there were two of them, like Castor and Pollux. After all these things do the Germans seek, but us they never troubled. Our sole duty was to convert, with absolute precision, so much Greek into so much English, and so much English into so much Greek. No possible shade of meaning or delicate inflection on the page was allowed to slide unnoticed. The phases of every mood with all its accompanying satellites were traced with the exactitude of astronomy. No one cared much about beauty of language provided the definite meaning was secure. Yet beauty sometimes came by accident, just as happiness comes, and I first learnt what style is from the renderings of the head-boy when he mounted the "rostrum." He was himself an antique Roman; his eagle nose, wide mouth and massive chin, the low, broad brow, with black curls growing close to the square-backed head, were made to rule the nations. But not long since, he died in the serviceable obscurity of a mastership, for which his knowledge of Greek was his only qualification. It is true he was our captain of football, but he owed that position to his Greek rather than his play.

When as a new boy I was first taken for a walk out of bounds on a Sunday afternoon by one of the upper-

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sixth, who is now an earthly saint, we went to a hill-side with a long blue vision of western mountains, and while I had no thought or eyes for anything but them, he continued to talk quietly of Greek—the significance of various forms, the most telling way of turning this meaning or that, especially, I remember, the cunning idioms by which the idea of “self” might be rendered in verse, either with emphasis or modesty. So it was. The school breathed Greek, and through its ancient buildings a Greek wind blew. To enter Head-room—a dim, panelled chamber which the Upper-Sixth used as a study—was to become a scholar. I doubt if good Greek verse could be written anywhere else. Winged Iambics fluttered through the air; they hung like bats along the shelves, and the dust fell in Greek particles. Now the school is moved to the further side of the river, and its grey and storied stone is exchanged for cheerful brick. Our old Head-room has become the housekeeper’s parlour in some citizen’s dwelling, but on the hearthstone at eventide beside her petticoats squats the imperishable Lar, real as a rat though not so formidable, and murmurs Iambics to himself.

Other subjects besides Greek were supposed to be taught, but no one ever learnt them. There was French, for instance, taught by an aged Englishman who had outlived three generations of mortal headmasters, and was supposed gradually to have acquired an artificial body that would last forever. To us he was important because he registered the punishments, and had the reputation of a very bloodhound for detecting crime. Certainly he was the best comic reader I ever heard, and when he read prayers at night the whole school used to howl like a rising and falling wind, in time to the cadence of his voice. But nobody learnt



THE OLD "BELL AND BUSH" TEA GARDENS.

Drawn by F. Colmer from a private etching in the possession of Miss Quaritch.

Sabrina Fair.

French of him. Once, because I had shown him decent politeness, he assigned me a prize. I could honestly say I knew less French than anyone this side the Channel; and yet I should never have outlived a certain stigma attaching to my imaginary knowledge of anything so paltry, if nature had not given me the power of running long distances without fatigue. But to prove that power I had to wait from summer till autumn, when the school huntsman led out his pack in white to scour the wild country west of the town—a country of yellow woods and deep pools, where water fowl rose, and of isolated limestone hills, the promise of Wales. Each Run followed a course fixed by old tradition. Foxes were seldom sent out, and were never supposed to be caught. We ran for the sake of running, just as we learnt Greek for the sake of learning it.

Mathematics were held in scarcely less contempt than French. We had two wranglers to teach us, but they never taught anyone. Their appearance in form was hailed with indecent joy. As one of the classical masters said, it was like the "Cease fire" on a field-day, and the whole body of boys abandoned themselves at once to relaxation. In the lower forms far-sailing darts were seen floating through the air as at a séance; in the upper we discussed the steeple-chase or did Greek verses. A boy who really knew any mathematics was regarded by ourselves and the masters as a kind of freak. There was no dealing with him. His mathematical marks got him into forms beyond his real knowledge—his knowledge of Greek. He upset the natural order of things. He was a perpetual Ugly Duckling, that could not emit Iambics. So his lot was far from enviable, and happily I remember only two such cases.

Sabrina Fair.

In the sixth, it was Saturday mornings which were given to this innocent pursuit of mathematics, and to them we owed our happiest hours of peace. To go up School Gardens on a bright summer day, to cross the leisurely street of the beautiful country-town, to buy breakfast (for an ancient tradition kept us strenuously underfed), to devour it slowly and at ease, knowing there was only mathematics before us that morning, to be followed by the long afternoon and Sunday—that was a secure and unequalled joy, and whenever mathematics are mentioned, I still feel a throb of gratitude for those old pleasures. Our one lesson on Sunday was always a difficulty to the masters. Of course there was the Greek Testament to fall back upon, but its Greek was so easy and so inferior to ours that it became a positive danger. We were sometimes given a Latin catechism, by some Protestant Father of the sixteenth century, denouncing Transubstantiation, but that also we had to read with caution lest it should influence our Latin Prose. Once we waded through Dr. Westcott's "Gospel of the Resurrection," a supposed concession to those going to Oxford. On Sunday evenings we learned cantos of the "In Memoriam" by heart, and explained them next morning by suggesting how they might be turned into Greek or Latin lyrics. Then the real labour of life began again with Greek, and so the weeks rolled on without a change. Once, it is true, our greatest master got an afternoon hour for the teaching of wisdom to the Sixth, and we really tried to listen, for he stood six foot four and had been captain of football at Oxford. But it was no good. Wisdom was far too easy and unimportant for us, and we let her voice cry in vain. Of such diversions as physical science or mechanics we never even heard, though their absence was perhaps

sufficiently compensated for by the system of fagging under which all the lower forms learnt the arts of lighting fires and plain cooking for the Upper Sixth. The new boys were also practised in public oratory, having in turn to proclaim the athletic announcements for the day standing upon the breakfast table. The proclamation began with "O yes" three times repeated, and ended with "God save the Queen, and down with the Radicals!" Anyone was at liberty to throw bread, sugar, or boots at the crier during his announcement; and many of my schoolfellows have since displayed extraordinary eloquence on public platforms and in the pulpit.

In politics our instruction was entirely practical. For centuries the school had been divided into two bitterly hostile camps—day-boys and boarders—doing the same work, sitting side by side in form, but never speaking to each other or walking together or playing the same games. No feud of Whig and Tory, or Boer and Briton, was so implacable as ours. "Skytes" we called them, those hated day-boys, for whom the school was founded—mere Scythians, uncouth and brutish things that sacrificed the flesh of men and drank from a human skull. Out of school hours we did not suffer them within school-gates. They were excluded even from the ball-court, except for fights. They were compelled to pay for separate football and cricket fields; and in football they adopted the vulgar rules of Association, while we aristocrats of tradition continued to cherish an almost incomprehensible game, in which, as in a Homeric battle, the leaders did the fighting, while the indistinguishable host trampled to and fro in patient pursuit of a ball which they rarely touched but sometimes saw. The breach may have

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begun when Elizabeth was Queen, or in the days of Cavaliers and Roundheads, and there is no knowing how long it would have lasted but for the wisdom of that wise master already mentioned. Whilst I was still there, myself a red-hot Boarder, he began delicately to reason, amid the choking indignation of both sides, whose rancour increased as reason shook it. No reformer ever set himself to a task so hopeless, and yet it was accomplished. Within a year we were playing football under Association rules together, and before the old school was removed, the wrath of ages was appeased.

For the rest, I cannot say that the ingenuous art of Greek, though we learnt it faithfully, softened our manners much, or forbade us to be savage. One peculiar custom may stand for many as an instance of the primitive barbarity which stamps upon any abnormal member of a herd. Since the last Pancration was fought at Olympia, no such dire contest has been seen among men as our old steeple-chase. Clad in little but gloves—a little which grew less with every hundred yards—the small band of youths tore their way through bare and towering hedges, wallowed through bogs, plunged into streams and ponds, racing over a two miles of country that no horse would have looked at. The start was at the Flash beside the Severn, and if I had cleared the first stream and the hedge beyond with one clean bound, as my young brother did, I would have it engraved on my tombstone: “He jumped the Flash ditch. R.I.P.” The winner of the race was, of course, the boy who came in first; but the hero of the school was he from whom the most blood was trickling at the finish, and who showed the bravest gashes on his face as he walked down the choir of St. Mary’s at next morning’s service. The course for the display of all this heroism was

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marked by the new-boys, whose places as "sticks" were allotted by the Huntsman the day before, the whole school accompanying them, and by immemorial custom the most unpopular new-boy of the year was always set at the last post—a slippery stump of ancient tree projecting in the very midst of a particularly filthy pond. As we drew nearer and nearer to the place, all of us going at a gentle trot, one could see the poor creature growing more and more certain that he was the boy. We exchanged smiles, and sometimes his name was called out, for all, except himself, had agreed who it would probably be. At last the pond was reached, and we stood round it in a thick and silent circle, awaiting the public execution of a soul. The boy's name was called. He came sullenly forward, and made a wild leap for the stump. Inevitably he fell short, or slipt and plunged headlong into the stagnant water, whilst we all yelled with satisfaction. Wallowing through the black slush and duckweed, he clambered on to the tree at last, and stood there in the public gaze, declared the most hateful boy in all the school. Upon himself the ceremony had not always the elevating effect at which, I suppose, we aimed. For I remember one disappointed moralist in the fourth form remarking: "Frog's pond doesn't seem to have done that fellow any good. He wants kicking again."

It is all gone now—Frog's pond, the steeplechase, and the runners. The old school itself has been converted into a museum, and in the long, rafted room where we learnt Greek, a crocodile with gaping jaws, stuffed monkeys, and some bottled snakes teach useful knowledge to all who come. When last I was there, they were teaching a blue-nosed boy to make squeaks on the glass with his wetted finger, and he was getting on very

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well. But from my old seat (under the crocodile) I could see beyond the Berwick woods the wild and tossing hills, already touched with snow, just as when I used to watch the running light upon them, and envy the lives folded in their valleys. Close in front was the bend of the river where Bryan's Ford swings past Blue Rails, just as it ran one night, still longer ago, when Admiral Benbow as a little boy launched his coracle for the sea. In a shining horseshoe the river sweeps round the spires on Shrewsbury hill. The red castle guards the narrows, and east and west the Welsh and English bridges cross the water. Below the English bridge I never cared to discover what might come for the river ran down towards the land of dullness, opposite to the course of adventure and the sun. But to follow up the stream, to scrape across her shingly fords, to watch for the polished surface of her shoals, and move silently over the black depths where no line had reached a bottom—let me die, as Wordsworth says, if the very thought of it does not always fill me with joy! Incalculable from hour to hour, the river never loses her charm and variety. In a single night the water will rise twenty feet and pour foaming through the deep channel it has been cutting for so many years. Along its banks of sandstone and loam the dotterels run, and rats and stoats thread the labyrinth of the flood-washed roots. There the bullfinches build, moorhens set their shallow bowl of reeds, and sometimes a tern flits by like a large white swallow. On tongues of gravel, where the current eddies under the deep opposite bank, red cattle with white faces used to come down in summer and stand far out in the stream, ruminating and flicking their tails, or following us with wondering eyes as we ran naked over the grass and fell splashing into the

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water. Severn water is full of light and motion. Never stopping to sulk, it has no dead and solid surface, but is alive right through, reflecting the sunshine, green with long ribbons of weed, orange from the pebbly bed, and indigo where the unbreaking crests of its ripples rise. As it passes between deep meadows and under the solemn elms, it whispers still of the mountains from which it came. Into the midst of hedgerow villages and ordered fields it brings its laughing savagery, telling of another life than theirs, of rocks and sounding falls and moorland watersheds. Other rivers may be called majestic, and we may talk of Father Tiber or Father Thames, but no one ever called the Severn father, or praised her but for her grace ; for she is like the body and soul of a princess straight from a western fairyland—so wild and pliant, so full of laughter and of mystery, so uncertain in her gay and sorrowing moods. On my word, though the science of education must be a very splendid thing, untaught, untrained, uninstructed as we Shrewsbury boys all were, I would not change places with the most scientifically educated man in England who had never known a river such as that.





The Forest Life.

By B. PAUL NEUMAN.

Not in the chilly regions of the North,
Not under ashen skies and drifting clouds
Full-charged with bitter blight of snow and hail,
Not where the icy winds and mournful rains
Breed barrenness, not there does man behold
The face of Nature, look into her eyes,
Feel her warm breath upon his cheek, and know
The universal mother of the race.
But here, where the great sun is lord indeed,
And strides across his fields of quivering blue,
Exulting in his strength, and bathes at eve
In seas as blue, here Nature rends her veil.

The air is very still, a silence holds
The waiting earth ; the birds with folded wing
Perch voiceless ; the great beasts that prowl and prey
Lie panting in their dens, wherefore I know
It is high noon upon the open plain.

High noon and blazing sunlight on the plain,
Yet here I sit within my solemn shrine
In a dim twilight. All around me rise
The pillars of my temple, ancient palms
That thrust their giant heads toward the light



MR. PLYMOUTH'S HORSES, FROM THE EAST HEATH.

(From the original pencil sketch made in 1843 by the late George Henry Norton.)



The Forest Life.

And rain the blessed shadows at their feet.
The long lianas clasp their naked trunks
Like carven scroll-work, breaking into bud.
The waxen orchids hold their chalices
Still wet with dew. The dusky distances
Are starred with splendour. Stately aloes wear
Their golden crowns on high, the plantains lift
Their scarlet sceptres, while by yonder pool,
Like turbaned sentinels, white lilies stand.

The hours pass by, long, happy, languorous hours
Of meditation and of restful sleep.
The sapphire glimpses overhead are gone.
A deeper darkness falls. The scented winds
Of night begin to stir the jungle grass.
The dew falls cold upon the earth whence rise
Keen, pungent odours. Hark! the gentle notes
Of shy night-singers. Soon the chorus swells,
Innumerable insects buzz and chirp,
The tree frogs whistle softly, while afar
Roll the long echoes of a savage roar.

The living voices call me and I go,
On to the deeps. Through every nerve and vein
Thrills the intoxicating joy of life.
I am a freeman of this commonwealth
Whose franchise is the power to breathe. Green leaves
That touch me with a dumb caress, ye share
With me the incommunicable gift
That lifts us from the clod. My roots, like yours
Are in the teeming earth.

Look up above,
Eyes of my soul! for in this open space
The purple lustre of heaven's canopy
Stoops to the earth, till the clear-shining stars
Gleam on the tree tops like the sparkling dew

The Forest Life.

Upon the grass blades when the morning beams
Fall slant ; they too are of our fellowship.

But see ! a rosy flush upon the dark.
The stars grow pale, a strange and solemn light
Streams from the full orb of the rising moon.
The forest murmur sinks, the birds sing low,
As higher still she climbs towards the throne
Deserted by the tyrant of the day.

Ah, the white witchcraft ! for another world
Of unimagined beauty fills the eye
And wins the heart to rapture. All I saw
With wonder in the sunshine's glare and glow,
I now behold with love. O God ! how full
Of young, quick-pulsing life, fresh from its source,
Is this old world. How fair a kingdom spreads
For one to rule, whose larger faculties
Can trace the law of love that guides the path
Alike of primal cell and rolling sphere.
The trees that war so fiercely for the light,
Creatures that ravin, poisonous herbs that stand
Armed for the forest warfare, these fulfil
In blindness their appointed destiny,
Waiting perforce the hour when Love shall come
And touch their eyes. Yet even now they know
The footsteps of his messengers, and pay
Their willing homage. Whereso'er I move
Through this wide forest world, I find no foe.
The very cactus thorns are kind to me,
And turn their weapons from my naked flesh.
The stealthy tiger snarls and bares his fangs,
Then baulks his hungry spring, and to my feet
Creeps fawning. Flame-eyed serpents coiled to strike,
Drop from the boughs and cling around my limbs,

The Forest Life.

Splendid and terrible, yet harmless too,
Feeling the love they cannot understand.

Therefore, though still remembering the claims
And joys of human kinship, I have left
The company of men to dwell alone.
For when the thought of all-pervading love
Took root within me, suddenly there rose
A cloud across my heaven. Everywhere
I saw grim Hate enthroned and glorified
With man to man, and class to class opposed,
Nation to kindred nation, race to race,
Not ignorantly, as these forest foes,
But open-eyed and boastful. Here at least
The primal instincts wear their proper guise
Nor masquerade as virtues. Love can work
Its miracles unhindered by a brain
That has outgrown the heart. Amid the din
Of thronging crowds I heard the voiceless cry
Of life beneath, and my unwilling feet
Obeyed the strong compulsion of that call
Which led me to this happy life apart.

Here, brooding oft in solitary thought,
Long vistas of the future stretch, wherein
I see this forest life in all its forms
So strong, so beautiful, persisting still,
And still advancing as the ages pass
In secular procession, till at length
It lifts the burden of our conscious thought
And meets new foes, and learns on many a field
The cost of victory, marching none the less
To triumphs only seen in visions yet,
Such visions as forecast that blessed day
When love that sways the universe shall find
Its full expression in the heart of man.



Some Notes on the Flora of Hampstead.

By JAMES E. WHITING.



ALTHOUGH the list of flowering plants—resulting principally from the draining of the Heath, and various other reasons—has been considerably diminished during the last few years, yet it would still be difficult to find a more comprehensive list in any other district so near the City. And it is hardly likely, protected as the Heath now is, that its flora will be further reduced.

One of the most interesting among the moisture-loving plants, which has now disappeared, is the Round-leaved Sundew. This plant, which is sometimes known as the British fly-trap, from the fact that insects are found sticking to its leaves, was formerly to be seen growing in the springy bog on the West Heath, and close to the Leg of Mutton Pond. In this bog, among the clumps of a diminutive willow the Cottongrass grows, and the Pennywort, a small creeping plant, the leaves of which are similar to a nasturtium. Here too, the Buck Bean is still found, but the beautiful rose-coloured flowers of this plant have not been seen here for some years.

Some Notes on the Flora of Hampstead.

On a piece of waste ground of not more than two acres in extent, and within a few minutes' walk of the High Street, upwards of thirty different species of wild flowers have been found growing. In some places on old walls, the Ivy-leaved Toadflax still flowers profusely, it being even more common than the yellow. Until within the last few years the Butcher's Broom grew near the Leg of Mutton Pond, but it was almost, if not quite, exterminated when the plantation of Fir trees was made near the West Heath Road.

In one or two sheltered nooks on the Heath are a few patches of both the purple and white scented Violets, and a small patch of the Marsh Violet still exists and flowers, while the Dog Violet is generally distributed. Among the crowfoot tribe, none are more showy than the big King-cups, or Marsh Marigolds, which grow by the water side at Golder's Hill, and by the old Viaduct Pond on the East Heath. Early in the year beneath the brambles on the Heath, the golden star-like flowers of the Lesser Celandine will everywhere be seen ; included in the extensive list of this family are the Bulbous and Creeping Buttercup, and six others of the same genus. The Windflower or Wood Anemone is very plentiful, and the ground in Bishop's Wood in the early spring is carpeted with its pink blossoms and delicately cut foliage.

The Scarlet, and Opium Poppy, neither of which have been found on the Heath, grow in the neighbourhood on a plot of waste land, the seed—which is very light—having probably been blown there from the gardens around. The Common, or Greater Celandine, which is not found in many places, still grows and flowers in this locality.

Some Notes on the Flora of Hampstead.

Some years ago, the picturesque Viaduct Pond on the East Heath, once forming part of the old brickfields, was drained, when it was found necessary to clear away the Yellow Waterlilies. Precautions, however, were taken to preserve them in beds of mud; they soon re-established themselves, and the pond this summer was covered with their large floating leaves and gorgeous yellow flowers. The sister flower, the White Waterlily, grows in other ponds in the neighbourhood. This so-called lily is one of the most magnificent of all our aquatic plants.

At one time the Barberry grew wild, but it would be difficult to find it, except under cultivation in private gardens. There are some fine bushes of this plant at Golder's Hill. The Common Fumitory was formerly a native of the Heath, but it is very doubtful whether it is now to be found there.

In the Cruciferous family we have the Ladies' Smock or Cuckoo Flower, and included in this extensive order, in which Hampstead is well represented, are the following, all of which grow on the Heath and in the district:—the Hedge Mustard, Garlic, White, and Common Mustard, the Whitlow grass, and five species of Cress, including the Water Cress, which grows in the little stream running through the lower meadow at Golder's Hill. The other kinds include the Field and Narrow-leaved Pepper-wort, Scurvy grass, Wild Radish and the very common Shepherd's Purse.

The Violet tribe having already been mentioned, it is only necessary to allude to the wild Heartsease, from which some of the different and beautiful pansies cultivated in gardens, have by hybridisation, sprung. The Milkwort is now almost, if not entirely extinct; the Ragged-Robin and the Red-Robin may both be seen in

Some Notes on the Flora of Hampstead.

flower on the West Heath ; and near to Golder's Hill the Corn-Cockle grows.

Among the Chickweeds there are the Greater Stitchwort and about five others of the species, and also of the same family the three nerved Sandwort, the Pearlwort, and the Sand and Corn Spurry ; the St. John's Worts are represented by four species. In some of the moist and boggy places, is the Water Blinks, or Water Chickweed, an annual and unpretentious little plant belonging to a very small family, which from its diminutive size might easily be overlooked.

Of the Mallows we have the Musk, Dwarf and Common Mallow. The last two grow by the roadside in the Redington and West Heath Roads, and other places. The Musk Mallow is not so common, but it may be found growing by the hedges in the locality. One of the prettiest of the Crane's-bills is the Herb Robert, which is very generally distributed. The deeply cut foliage of this plant assumes various tints of crimson ; and there are three other species.

Beneath the Hawthorns and brambles on the Heath the Wood Sorrel grows, and in the early spring its delicate little flowers shine out from among its green foliage. The Wood Sorrel with its trifoliated leaves is thought by many to be the true Irish Shamrock, and the fact that it is an exceedingly common plant in Ireland, helps to bear out this suggestion. There is still one tree of Buckthorn remaining on the Heath.

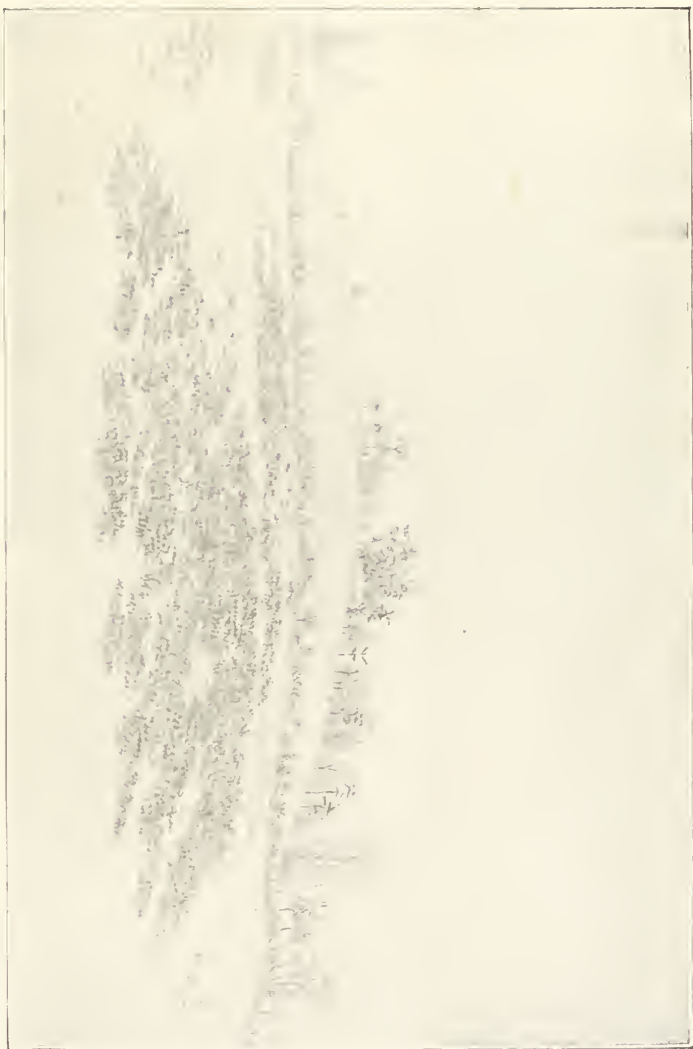
Included in the Pea flower tribe is the Petty Whin. In a recently published work on Hampstead it is stated that no plants of this species are now to be found, but there is no doubt that it still holds its own and grows here. Among the other species of this tribe are the Common Broom, Furze or Gorse, the Dwarf Furze, the

Some Notes on the Flora of Hampstead.

Trailing Restharrow, the Common Bird's Foot, the Black and Spotted Medick, the Crimson and Tufted Vetch, the Purple and White Clover, the Hop, Hares-foot, and Birdsfoot Trefoil, the Bush and Hairy Vetch, and the Crimson Vetchling.

There appears to be no mention in any list of Hampstead flowers, of the Common Yellow Melilot, yet on a piece of ground near to the Finchley Road there are large plants of it. During June and part of July may be noticed the Trailing and the Common Dog Rose, whose beautifully pink tinted blossoms are the glory of the west heath. The Blackberry is generally, but the wild Raspberry sparingly distributed. In one or two places on the Heath there is a variety of bramble with deeply cut foliage, which, like the Dewberry, appears to have hitherto escaped observation. Of the other species of this tribe may be mentioned the Wild and Bird Cherry, Service Tree, Sloe, Mountain Ash, Hawthorn, Crab Apple, Wild Pear, White Beam tree, Common Avens, Wild Strawberry, Creeping Cinquefoil, Silver Weed, Tormentil, Ladies' Mantle, Salad Burnet, Meadow Sweet and Common Agrimony.

We now come to the Loose-strife tribe, represented by the Purple Loose-strife, whose tall spikes of purple flowers adorn the waterside and other marshy places in these parts. Another equally handsome plant of the water side is the Great Willow Herb, and at Golder's Hill, growing in the bog garden there is a white variety of this plant; there are also other species in this neighbourhood. The Evening Primrose, a native of North America, flourishes in the enclosed space near to the White Stone Pond. The Enchanter's Nightshade is to be met with in some of the moist shady places on the West Heath, and especially around the



TELEGRAPH HILL, FROM THE WEST HEATH.

(From the original pencil sketch made in 1843 by the late George Henry Vernon.)

Some Notes on the Flora of Hampstead.

lake at Kenwood ; while the Saxifrages are represented by the Common Golden and Wall Saxifrage.

In many places the White Bryony with its curious tendrils and crimson berries may be seen climbing over the bushes and hedges. Included in the extensive list of the Umbelliferæ is the Ground or Pig-nut, which grows in profusion at Golder's Hill, and elsewhere on the Heath ; other species of this family which are found here, are the Marsh Pennywort, previously mentioned, the Wood Sanicle, Goat-weed, Burnet Saxifrage, Beaked, Fool's, and Hedge Parsley, the Cow Parsnep, and Angelica, while there may be others which have escaped my notice.

During the autumn the foliage of the Ivy which covers the hedgebanks and portions of the Heath, and the Dogwood, or Wild Cornel, assumes various and beautiful tints. Growing in the same locality we may often find the Common Moschatel. In the Woodbine tribe there are, among other shrubs, the Elder, Way-faring Tree and the sweetly perfumed Honeysuckle. We have eight different species of the Madder tribe, including five kinds of Bed-straw, the well-known Goose-grass, or Cleavers, Sweet Woodruff and the Field Madder. In the Valerian tribe we have the Great Wild Valerian and the Small Marsh Valerian, and the two Teasels, large and small, the Field Scabious, and Premorse Scabious, belonging to the same order.

The numerous family of compound flowers is so well represented that space only permits us to mention the Golden Rod, the Hemp Agrimony (only found at Kenwood and Golder's Hill), the Common Daisy, the two Bur-marigolds, Mountain and Common Groundsel, Coltsfoot, Yarrow and Thistles ; three species of Sow Thistle, four varieties of Dandelion, about nine or ten

Some Notes on the Flora of Hampstead.

species of Hawkweed, one of the prettiest being the mouse-ear Hawkweed ; also the Nipple-wort and the Corn Blue-bottle. Among the Bell flowers are the Sheep's-bit, which is sparingly distributed, and the Hare-bell. We possess the Ash and the Privet in the Olive tribe ; the Lesser Periwinkle, only found now in one or two places ; and we have the Bell Heather, Cross-leaved Heather and Ling. The Primrose and the Cowslip, except for a plant or two at Golder's Hill, appear to have become quite exterminated.

The Scarlet Pimpernel, more often growing as a weed in gardens, is still found in its wild state.

At Golder's Hill the banks of the lower pond are covered with the Money-wort, or Creeping Jenny ; the other species growing here are the Wood and Great Yellow Loose-strife. There are four kinds of Plantains ; and the Dead Nettle family is represented by the Common Bugle, Black and White Horehound, Wood Sage, Yellow Weazel-snout, Red and White Nettles, Woundwort, Wood Betony, Self-heal, the Lesser and Greater Skullcap (both, however, rare) Wild-Thyme and others. Among the Fig-worts there are no less than nine different Speedwells, including the Brookline ; and we have, besides, the Foxglove, Mullein, Toad-flax and Fig-Wort. The Great Mullein grows at Golder's Hill, where its handsome spikes of yellow flowers often attain to the height of from four to five feet, and it also appears on Rosslyn Hill. In the same order are the Red Bartsia, the Eyebright, which was formerly more common, and the Marsh and Dwarf Red Rattle, which grows by the fence near to the Leg of Mutton Pond. The Yellow Rattle and the Cow-wheat are found in the adjacent fields. In the Gentian tribe there is the Buck Bean already referred to, and Common Centaury.

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Among the Bindweeds we notice the Field Convolvulus and the Great Bindweed. We have in the Borage tribe, four Forget-me-nots, the Common Comfrey, and the Hound's-tongue ; and among the Nightshades, the Bitter Sweet, and Black Nightshade. There are four kinds at least of Knot-grass, including Common Persicaria and Snake-weed. Of the Docks, there are six species, the most common being the Broad-leaved Dock, and the Common and Sheep's Sorrel. There are three Spurges and Dog's Mercury. The Box appears to grow wild in some places. We possess four different species of the Goose-foot tribe, and, belonging to the same order, the spreading fruited Orache.

We have the small leaved and Wych Elm, Wild Hop, Great and Small Nettle, and in one or two parts the Common Pellitory-of-the-wall. Among the forest trees are the White or Silver Birch, Common Beech, Spanish Chestnut (planted), Common Oak, Hazel, Hornbeam and Alder, and there are nearly twelve different species of Willows. The Blue-bell still flourishes at Golder's Hill, and in Kenwood is found the very rare May Flower (*Maianthemum bifolia*).

In the ponds may be found various kinds of aquatic plants, the Frog-bit, Great Reed Mace, Bur-Reeds, Sweet Sedge, Water Plantain, Yellow Iris and various species of Pond Weeds. There are several varieties of rushes, and among the different grasses, may be noted the Sweet Vernal Grass, the Quaking-Grass, the Cat's and Fox-tail, Canary-grass, Common Bent, Millet-grass, and Wild Oat.

There is space to say but very little about the non-flowering plants, of which Hampstead, however, possesses a good number ; among others may be mentioned the Wall-rue Fern, which grows sparingly, and

Some Notes on the Flora of Hampstead.

Bracken which almost covers the West Heath; two species of Horse-tail, several kinds of Moss, Lichen and Liverwort, and a very large number of Fungi.

There may be other flowers which have escaped my notice, yet this short account of the Hampstead Flora will suffice to show that Hampstead is probably richer in its plant life than any other district so near to London.



THE GEORGE INN, HAVERSTOCK HILL, PREVIOUS TO 1870.



The Hampstead Note Book.

SOME NOTES ON KEATS AS A MEDICAL STUDENT.

By SIR SAMUEL WILKS, Bart., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

AS KEATS passed from the Borough to the Northern Heights, and I have just travelled the same road (*haud passibus æquis*), I have been asked if I have brought away with me any reminiscences, or rather any more particulars about the Poet from the place where he received his medical education and where I have spent the best days of my life. I am sorry to state that I have none of any importance to relate. But whilst writing the History of Guy's Hospital some years ago, although I obtained all the information which was forthcoming concerning his student career, and discovered nothing of any great value, yet now I feel it possible that one or two minor incidents may be interesting. With the fear of the charge of uttering well known facts before my eyes, I may urge the plea that even the repetition of some of the recognised characteristics of one who helped to make Hampstead famous may not be taken amiss by some of my readers.

Keats was born in October, 1795, at the Sign of the "Swan and Hoop," No. 28, Finsbury Pavement, lately a public house. His

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father, Thomas Keats, had charge of the Livery Stables and married Miss Jennings, his master's daughter. They had several children, of whom John was the eldest. This low born origin is interesting as regards the question of heredity, just as it is in the case of Shakespeare, Burns, and other great men. The difficulty of tracing the mental qualities from parent to child, arises from the nature of the law laid down by Darwin, that acquired characteristics are not transmitted, but only the mental capabilities, and as these may be undeveloped, there is no outward manifestation of the power that lies within: a very close enquiry would be necessary to ascertain its existence. Without doubt great powers may be transmitted to the offspring which have never developed or manifested themselves in their original seat, from want of education. No amount of acquired cleverness on the part of the parent has any influence on the offspring; whilst an illiterate woman with a strong well-balanced mind might give birth to children capable of distinguishing themselves in every walk of life. This has proved to be true in so many instances that, in discussing such cases as those of Keats and others, it would be necessary to have closer knowledge of the true mental powers of the parents, and not merely their superficial acquirements or accomplishments, before the question of heredity could be considered.

Keats' father succeeded "mine host of the 'Swan and Hoop,'" and died when the poet was only eight years old. The lad's grandmother sent him to school at Enfield, and afterwards apprenticed him to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon at Edmonton. He afterwards entered as a medical student at the United Boro' Hospitals. Mr. George Cooper, a late surgeon at Brentford, told Mr. South that he lodged with Keats when a student, in the year 1815, at a tallow-chandler's in St. Thomas Street, having been placed under his care by Sir Astley Cooper. They also lodged at No. 8, Dean Street, close by. This is mentioned by Keats when writing to a friend, as follows: "Although the Borough is a beastly place in dirt, turnings and windings, yet No. 8, Dean Street is not difficult to find." Keats then became dresser to Mr. Lucas, one of the surgeons of Guy's Hospital, in March, 1816, and attended closely to his duties as well as to the lectures. In fact, despite his overwhelming poetic genius, there is good evidence that this "loose, slack, not well dressed youth, with large and lustrous eyes and hair of golden brown," gained considerable skill in the exercise of his profession, and that he looked to it as a possible source of livelihood during the whole of his short existence. Amongst the relics lent by Sir Charles Dilke to the Chelsea Library at the time of the Keats' Centenary was the note book in which he transcribed the lectures. It was marked with his name, but gave neither date nor the names of professors. The subject

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was anatomy and physiology especially as applicable to the bones and blood vessels. I observed that in his letters he wrote "afraid" as *affraid*.

After three years study, from 1814 to 1817, he proceeded to take his license to practice.

In the minute book of the Court of Examiners of the Society of Apothecaries under date July 25, 1816, occur the following passages, "John Keats attended and produced testimonials to the satisfaction of the Court and was admitted to the examination." "Mr. Keats was examined by Mr. Brande and the Court granted him the certificate for which he had applied," that is to practise as an Apothecary.

It is possible that a sense of duty or necessity may have obliged him not to relinquish his hold on the medical profession, although it is too evident that his mind was altogether in another region. Thus Mr. Sidney Colvin relates what Keats said to a friend after his last operation: "My last operation was the opening of a man's temporal artery. I did it with the utmost nicety, but reflecting upon what passed through my mind at the time, my dexterity seemed a miracle, and I never took up the lancet again." So in writing to Mr. Cowden Clarke as to his unfitness for the profession he said, "the other day during the lecture there came a sunbeam into the room and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray, and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland."

Nevertheless, when he was qualified, he frequently mentioned his profession, for in January, 1819, he wrote to his brother, "I have been at different times turning it in my head whether I should go to Edinburgh to study for a physician; I am afraid I should not take kindly to it. I am sure I could not take fees, and yet I should like to do so, it is not worse than writing poems and hanging them up to be fly-blown on the Review Shambles." In another letter it is interesting to see that he did not consider his professional and poetic life to be incompatible, for he says, "Were I to study physis, or, rather, medicine again, I feel it would not make the least difference in my poetry; when the mind is in its infancy a bias is in reality a bias, but when we acquire more strength a bias becomes no bias," adding that he had not given away his medical books, "which I shall again look over, to keep alive the little I know thitherwards." Again, after his first attack of hæmoptysis he wrote to Dilke to say that he had an idea of becoming surgeon to an Indian, but afterwards said he had given this up, and was enquiring after a situation with an apothecary.

In his biography there are very few allusions of Keats to his profession, but it is very clear from the quotations I have given that he

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never had an idea of relinquishing it until his complaint was far advanced. It is also clear that he was in no way estranged from the ordinary medical student, and in this light he was not to be looked at as a pure ethereal being ever soaring heavenward, but he was a strong, muscular young man, and his somewhat sensitive and feminine face would change into indignation, says one of his biographers, under the influence of injustice.

As might be supposed he was a great admirer as well as the admired of the opposite sex.

Cowden Clarke relates a story of his pugilistic encounter with a butcher boy, shewing Keats' courage and stamina. He says that the latter told him the particulars of this passage of arms; that the brute of a boy was torturing a kitten and that the poet interfered, when a threat offered him was enough for his mettle and they set to. Keats thought he should be beaten, for the fellow was the taller and the stronger, but like an authentic pugilist, my young poet found that he had planted a blow which told upon his antagonist; in every succeeding round, therefore (for they fought for nearly an hour), he never failed of returning to the weak point; and the contest ended in the hulk being led home.

It is an interesting fact to remark how philosophically he bore the harsh and ignorant criticisms of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* on the poems of "Johnny Keats, the surgeon's apprentice." Masson says there is no reason to think that Keats was at all touched by it, or that he was "snuffed out by an article." On the contrary he wrote to a friend admitting the truth of some of the criticisms and saying that praise or blame had less effect upon him than his own criticism on the same works, adding that he might write with more judgment hereafter, as the Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It is interesting to see with all Keats' sweetness and gentleness that he was not only strong in body but in mind.

Subsequent to this his health failed, but during his residence at Wentworth Place he wrote some of his sweetest poems. At the present time he would have been retained at Mount Vernon, instead of being sent to insalubrious Rome to die as he did in February, 1821.

About two years ago Mr. Walter Severn communicated to the press a letter which he had received from the British Consul, saying that the old cemetery was being used for public purposes and that all the tombs were removed except those of Keats and Severn. The letter said "in regard to these two graves, they are in perfectly good order, the tombstones clean and well preserved, the graves covered with a bed of newly-planted violets, the obtruding bush removed, and the iron palings freshly painted; all of which has been done by Signor Trucchi on his

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own initiative." Mr. Walter Severn adds his own conviction that the two graves are properly looked after and will not be removed.

"Oh weep for Adonais—he is dead!

"Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew.

"The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

THE LATE PAUL FALCONER POOLE, R.A.

THE writer of the essay on this distinguished artist in the *Hampstead Annual* for 1900, is glad to avail himself of the present opportunity of correcting some errors which crept into the notice, mainly through his unacquaintance at the time with any members of Mr. Poole's family. An erroneous impression may have been conveyed of the character and position of Mr. P. F. Poole's father, who, though he opposed his son's wish to become a painter, was not actuated in so doing by narrowness of views or personal lack of refinement. He was, on the contrary, a well educated man who had travelled much. His means, also, were more ample than might be inferred from the memoir of his son. Before his retirement from business he had become an extensive merchant in several lines, and was noted for his munificence towards charitable objects, especially the erection and endowment of churches.

The doubt expressed as to Poole's visit to Italy in his youth is groundless, although he did not go as a student of art, but on a private errand. It was necessary to take some important documents to Rome for the signature of the Vicar of Clifton, then staying in that city on his travels. Young Poole, greatly to his delight, was entrusted with this commission, which he successfully performed; losing, however, on one occasion, all his money by misadventure, and immediately afterwards regaining it. He remained some time in Italy, and no doubt returned confirmed in his resolution to become a painter. It is probable, therefore, that his first exhibited picture, "The Well, a scene at Naples," was painted from memory, or from a sketch made upon the spot.

R.G.

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THE UNION CLUB, HAMPSTEAD.

THE Union Club was formed in the early part of January, 1801, by a few residents of Hampstead, to commemorate the Union of Ireland with Great Britain. The first meetings of the Club were held at the Long Room in Well Walk, where the Members met and dined together on the last Wednesday in every month. The chair at the meetings was taken by each member in alphabetical order, and the rule was "that a list of names with the addresses of each member be given to the Master of the House where the Club shall be held, in order that he may send regular notice to each member six days before the day of meeting, by which means each member may have time to signify two days prior to the meeting if he cannot attend, and that every member who shall not send an answer to such notice in the time specified shall in case of absence pay seven shillings."

Admission to the Club was by ballot on any vacancy occurring, and no person being once ballotted for as a member could become a candidate a second time.

It was further stated "that any member who shall absent himself six months successively, shall be deemed to have occasioned a vacancy, unless he shall state a sufficient reason for his absence, either ill-health or his leaving the Kingdom, and specify his intention to continue a member, and pay his subscription during his absence." Considering that the membership of the Club was limited to twelve, twenty-nine rules seems a goodly number for so small a body. The following rules may be quoted:—

That the Union Club shall not exceed twelve in number.

That no one be admitted a member who has not either a residence in or near Hampstead or some strong inducement to give his attendance.

That no visitors be admitted except one by the Chairman, and one by the Deputy-Chairman for the day, for whom fourteen shillings each are to be paid for all charges.

That no subjects, political or otherwise, tending to interrupt the conviviality of the Club be permitted to be agitated.

That the Chairman for the day, on appeal being made to him, shall be obeyed as to his decisions and commands.

That dinner shall be ordered at six shillings per head.

That the Deputy-Chairman shall order wine when necessary, and that he shall have the same under his charge.

That the Chairman shall order Tea and the Bill at eight o'clock.

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That any member retiring before the Bill be adjusted shall leave half-a-guinea with the Chairman.

That no business relative to the Club shall be agitated during the presence of any stranger.

The records of the Club are for the most part meagre. A few brief minutes of the monthly meetings, and the names of those elected are the only entries. At the second meeting of the Club, in February, 1801, it was decided to appoint a secretary, it being found "that too much business would attach to the Deputy-Chairman." Mr. Macdonald was accordingly elected to that office. On this occasion it was announced "that Mr. Collyer had presented to the Club" a handsome Silk Flag, quartered agreeably to the alterations made in consequence of the memorable event of the Union of Ireland with Great Britain;" when it was unanimously resolved "that the Flag be displayed on all occasions when the Club meets."

At this meeting Mr. Treasurer Abel, was requested "to purchase a ticket in the present State Lottery." An entry in March of this year records, that a seal bearing the Union was presented to the Club by the Treasurer, when it was resolved "that all future communications relating to the Club be sealed with it."

One of the earliest to be admitted to membership was Mr. George Bogg, the Secretary of the Hampstead Dinner Club,¹ and shortly afterwards Mr. Charles Holford was elected. At a meeting in April, 1801, the Rev. Charles Grant, Curate of Hampstead, for whom the whole of the members present expressed "the highest esteem for his exemplary good character," was elected an honorary member, and was requested to accept the permanent office of Chaplain to the Union Club.

Towards the end of this year Mr. John Bliss joined the Society. There is an entry in March, 1802, directing the Treasurer to purchase a ticket in the English Lottery, to pay for which each member subscribed a guinea, and a subsequent note records that "the lottery ticket had drawn a prize of eighteen pounds." In the summer of this year Mr. Macdonald resigned the secretaryship of the Society, and signified his intention of quitting the Kingdom. Mr. Charles Holford was then elected secretary. In 1806 it is recorded that Mr. Josiah Boydell was admitted to the Club.

In the following year the monthly meetings were held at the New Subscription Rooms on Holly Bush Hill, the sum of ten guineas annually being paid for the use of these rooms. At this period the minutes end abruptly. Probably a new secretary was appointed and another book commenced. It would appear, however, from certain entries in other journals, that the meetings of the Club were being held in 1830, but where it is not stated. The Club had then existed nearly thirty years.

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Among its members were George and James Abel, John Bliss,² George Bogg, John Bockett, Josiah Boydell,³ Charles Cartwright,⁴ Charles Holford,⁵ Germain Lavie, and others, whose names are now associated with the history of the village of one hundred years ago. It is to be regretted that the later records are missing, yet the earlier minutes, although so briefly made, reveal much that is interesting of a now forgotten Hampstead Club.

¹ For an account of this Club, *vide* "The Hampstead Annual" for 1898.

² Mr. Bliss was the author of a tract, entitled, "Experiments and Observations on the Medicinal Waters of Hampstead and Kilburn."

³ Josiah Boydell, painter and engraver, was for some time lieutenant-colonel of the Loyal Hampstead Volunteers. He was also Master of the Stationers' Company and an Alderman of the Ward of Cheap.

⁴ Charles Cartwright succeeded Josiah Boydell in the command of the Loyal Hampstead Volunteers.

⁵ Charles Holford was the second son of Josiah Holford of Hampstead, and was born there in 1774. He was major in the Loyal Hampstead Volunteers, and President of the Hampstead Public Library for some years. He was a man of considerable scientific knowledge, and a member of several learned societies, and as an astronomer had a large observatory at his house on the Heath, complete with valuable instruments which he frequently placed at the service of astronomers for their observations in various parts of the world, and his observatory was a frequent place of resort by scientific men of London and the neighbourhood. This observatory was built by Mr. Charles Holford about the year 1832 in the high part of his garden looking towards the Vale of Health Pond. (The house, without the gardens, is now occupied by Mr. Risk).

The Editors are indebted to Mr. George Holford, son of Mr. Charles Holford, for permission to make use of the minute book of the Club, now in his possession.

THE HAMPSTEAD READING ROOMS.

In the Hampstead Annual for 1900 a Report of the Conversazione Society was printed. In connection with this Society lectures were given during the winter season, to which the members of the Hampstead Reading Rooms were admitted free. The following Report of the Committee of the Reading Rooms for 1849 may be interesting.

COMMITTEE.

Mr. G. CHATER.

Mr. H. EVANS,

Mr. A. HIGHMORE.

Mr. C. MALLET.

Mr. H. SHARPE, *Secretary*.

The Committee have again allowed two years to elapse since they published their last Report, as an institution of this kind has necessarily but few new events to record. They think it, however, their duty, from time to time, to render an account to their Subscribers, of the

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extent to which the objects aimed at are attained ; and they would also avail themselves of the opportunity to make the public acquainted with an institution which probably many would wish to assist with subscriptions or otherwise.

The original object of the Reading Rooms, to quote the words of the first report, was "to provide, at a price that should be within the reach of every one, a comfortable place where persons might pass the evening ;" and to this were very shortly added Classes, in which the Members might improve themselves in any branch of learning in which they found themselves deficient. The expense is defrayed partly by the Members' payment of 2*d.* a-week, and partly by Subscriptions from the inhabitants at large.

The Rooms are open every evening, except Sundays, from 6 to 10. The *Times* and four or five weekly papers and periodicals are taken in, and the Members have also the use of any books in the Hampstead Public Library. They are allowed to take out the newspapers during the hours when the Rooms are not open.

The Classes form a very important feature of the institution. The instruction is gratuitous, being given by gentlemen who kindly devote an hour or two on different evenings of the week to the useful purpose of imparting their own knowledge to those of their neighbours who have been less fortunately situated for obtaining information in their youth ; and who now wish to avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered them of improving themselves. As all who attend do so from a real desire to learn, the progress made is, in almost every instance, most satisfactory ; and in addition to the actual instruction obtained, the intercourse thus brought about between the different ranks of society is productive of much in direct good, by the kindly feeling to which it gives rise. The Members of the Classes have, on several occasions shown their sense of the obligation conferred upon them.

The subjects taught in the Classes are those which are asked for by the Members themselves, and are at present, Arithmetic, Writing, English Grammar, Geography, French, Latin, and Drawing. The Drawing Class is generally the best attended, and at present there are more applicants for it than can be accommodated in the Class-room, so that they have to wait for a vacancy.

Lectures on different subjects are given occasionally to the Members and their friends, by gentlemen wishing to promote the objects of the institution ; and the Conversazione Society have, both last winter and this, admitted a proportion of the Members of the Reading Rooms to Lectures at the Assembly Rooms.

The number of Members is at present between 40 and 50, and it is gratifying to perceive that the amount of subscription received from

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them this year is rather larger than at any former period. The greater part are between the ages of 18 and 25; and about one-half of them have belonged to the institution for three or four years.

No person is admitted to the Reading Rooms under the age of 16. For the first three years there was attached to the institution a Junior Class of Boys, between 13 and 16, who were at one time taught in the Class-Room at an earlier hour than the others, and afterwards in a room in the old workhouse. When this building was pulled down, the Class was discontinued for want of room: but this winter it has been commenced again by some gentlemen connected with the Reading Rooms, in a room hired for the purpose, in Bradley's Buildings. The Boys meet there from half-past 6 to half-past 8 in the evening, and are instructed in Reading, Writing, Ciphering, &c., by a paid Master, assisted by several gentlemen.

In the spring of this year, the Reading Rooms were removed from New End, where they were originally established in 1844, to a ground floor of a house in Heath Street. This was done principally to effect a considerable saving in rent, as the Committee were there enabled to admit the Hampstead Public Library as joint tenants of one of the rooms; their books being arranged on shelves round the room, without interfering with the uses for which it is required. The situation is also more central and conspicuous, and has the advantage of being within reach of gas, which was not the case at New End.

At the conclusion of the fifth year of the institution, the Committee feel much pleasure in being able to state, from their own observation and that of the other gentlemen who have taken a part in the teaching, that it has been attended with the best results among all who have availed themselves of the advantages offered by it. It has been especially useful to young persons at the age when tastes and habits are formed, by holding out to them higher objects of interest; and many will, it is hoped, feel through life the good effects of the habits of application and desire of improving themselves here acquired. This has been more observable each succeeding year; and the longer the institution continues in operation, the more widely are its benefits likely to be diffused.

During the first years, the expenses rather exceeded the annual subscriptions collected, but the debt was cancelled, and a small balance left in the Treasurer's hands, by some donations from a few of the warmer supporters. The expense of the removal has more than absorbed this balance, and leaves a debt due to the Treasurer; but in consequence of the saving effected by the arrangement with the Public Library, the Committee hope to be enabled to bring the expenditure within their regular income, and they trust the inhabitants of Hampstead will not allow so useful an institution to flag for want of pecuniary support.

31st December 1849.

Hampstead Subscription Rooms.

The Hampstead Subscription Rooms—now the Constitutional Club—which came into existence in 1807, were until the sixties the headquarters of the scientific, intellectual and social life of Hampstead (*vide* Mrs. White's "Sweet Hampstead"). The following deed of tenancy—printed here by the courtesy of Dr. Evans, formerly of Hampstead—in which Romney's name appears, is of considerable interest in this connection.

DEED OF TENANCY.

This Indenture, made the 13th day of June, in the forty-seventh year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third, by the grace of God of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seven, **Between** CHARLES HOLFORD, GERMAIN LAVIE, JAMES COPPINGER, and JOHN BOCKETT, all of Hampstead, in the County of Middlesex, Esquires, of the one part; and JAMES ABEL, JOHN LONGLEY, JOHN MAVOR, and GEORGE BOGG, all of Hampstead aforesaid, Esquires, and THE SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS who shall execute these presents, of the other part. **Whereas** the village of Hampstead having been for some years past without any fit or convenient place of accommodation for balls, dinners, and other public entertainments, an agreement was therefore entered into in the month of September, one thousand eight hundred and six, by the said Charles Holford, Germain Lavie, James Coppinger, John Bockett, James Abel, John Longley, John Mavor, and George Bogg, and other inhabitants of the said village and its neighbourhood, that certain copyhold hereditaments then belonging to Mrs. Maria Elizabeth Rundell, called the Prospect House, situate on Cloth Hill, in the manor of Hampstead, should be purchased for the purpose of the same being converted into public rooms, and properly fitted up for such entertainments, and that the same should be held in shares of fifty pounds each. **And whereas** at a meeting of the subscribers to the said undertaking, held on the ninth of October, one thousand eight hundred and six, after deliberating upon the general plan and the measures adopted towards purchasing the said hereditaments, they the said Charles Holford, Germain Lavie, James Coppinger, John Bockett, James Abel, John Longley, and John Mavor, were appointed a committee for making such arrangements and engagements for completing the said purchase,

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and for carrying the whole plan into immediate execution, as might appear to them most desirable; and they the said George Bogg and James Abel were appointed the treasurers of the said institution. **And whereas** at a court held for the manor of Hampstead on the thirtieth day of March last, the said Charles Holford, Germain Lavie, James Coppinger, and John Bockett, upon the surrender of the said Maria Elizabeth Rundell, were admitted tenants of the said hereditaments, by the description of all that late cottage or tenement, with the appurtenances, situate and being at a place called Cloth Hill, in Hampstead aforesaid, and adjoining to the brick wall and stable heretofore of William Beach, late the copyhold property of James Young, and by him surrendered to George Romney, Esq. who surrendered the same to the said Maria Elizabeth Rundell; but which said cottage or tenement was some years since converted into, and hath since been and is now used as a stable; and the contents thereof, with the appurtenances, were heretofore reputed to be, by admeasurement, two rods and three-quarters of a rod or thereabouts. And also all that piece or parcel of ground late part of the waste of the said manor, containing three rods and sixty-eight feet, situate at the north end of a piece of ground lately granted to Edward Page, and extending to the north extremity of the wall belonging to the stable yard late of the said George Romney, and agreeable to a plan thereof entered in the margin of his admission to the said piece of ground, and also in the court books kept for the said manor; which said piece of ground was by the said George Romney thrown into and made part of the garden belonging to and occupied with the messuage or tenement hereinafter mentioned, and which was lately erected by him the said George Romney, on part of the said piece of ground, and on part of the ground next hereinafter mentioned and described. And also all that piece or parcel of ground containing by admeasurement thirty-three rods or thereabouts, being part and parcel of the garden ground belonging to a messuage or tenement situate at Cloth Hill aforesaid, which was formerly in the possession of George Errington, Esquire, afterwards of John Stock, since of Mrs. Baron, late of the said Maria Elizabeth Rundell, and the said George Romney, now of Marmaduke Hart, to whom the said messuage or tenement, with the outhouses, stables, coach house, garden, and appurtenances, except the said last mentioned piece or parcel of ground part thereof, but which is now divided and enclosed therefrom, is about to be surrendered by the said Maria Elizabeth Rundell, which said last mentioned piece of garden ground is bounded on the north by premises belonging to William Pennington, on the east by the premises now in the occupation of the said Marmaduke Hart, on the south by the road to Hollybush Hill, and on the west partly by the premises of Mr. Edward Page, and

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partly by the piece or parcel of ground first hereinbefore mentioned which is laid thereto, and is bounded westward by the road leading to the heath. And also all that the said new erected messuage or tenement, with the buildings thereunto belonging, standing and being upon the said two several pieces or parcels of ground before described, or one of them, commonly called or known by the name of the Prospect House, late in the occupation of George Romney, since of the said Maria Elizabeth Rundell, but now empty. **To hold** to them the said Charles Holford, Germain Lavie, James Coppinger, and John Bockett, their heirs and assigns for ever, according to the custom of the said manor. And afterwards, at the same court, the said Marmaduke Hart, on the surrender of the said Charles Holford, Germain Lavie, James Coppinger, and John Bockett, was admitted tenant of fifteen rods of the said hereditaments, by the description of all that piece or parcel of ground containing by admeasurement fifteen rods, situate and being at a place called Cloth Hill, in Hampstead aforesaid, and being part and parcel of the thirty-three rods, the copyhold premises to which, the said Charles Holford, Germain Lavie, James Coppinger, and John Bockett, were at this court admitted tenants, on the surrender of Maria Elizabeth Rundell, widow; and which said piece or parcel of ground is bounded on the west by the residue of the said copyhold premises last mentioned, on the north by the copyhold estate of William Pennington, Esq., on the east by the garden of Marmaduke Hart, Esquire, and on the west by the road to Hollybush Hill. **To hold**, to him the said Marmaduke Hart, his heirs and assigns for ever, according to the custom of the said manor. **And whereas** the said Charles Holford, Germain Lavie, James Coppinger, and John Bockett granted a lease of the before-mentioned stable, with other out buildings, and a small piece of ground thereunto adjoining, unto Thomas Lovelock, of Kilburn Wells, victualler, his executors, administrators, and assigns, for the purpose of being converted, at his or their expence, into a public house, for the term and at the rent therein expressed. **And whereas** the said piece or parcel of ground, containing fifteen rods, was absolutely sold to the said Marmaduke Hart, and the same, together with the said lease so granted as aforesaid, were respectively so sold and granted, for the account and benefit and with the approbation of the parties hereto, which they hereby testify and declare. And the rest and residue of the said hereditaments and premises have been converted and formed, with various additions and improvements, into several convenient rooms for subscription assemblies, dinners, and other entertainments, on the account and at the equal expence of all the parties hereto, under the direction of the said Charles Holford, Germain Lavie, James

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Coppinger, John Bockett, James Abel, John Longley, and John Mavor the present committee of proprietors for the management thereof ; and the said messuage or tenement, rooms and buildings, have been properly fitted up and furnished, and are now called or known by the name of the Hampstead Assembly Rooms. **Now this Indenture witnesseth,** and it is hereby declared and agreed, by and between all the said parties hereto, that they the said Charles Holford, Germain Lavie, James Coppinger, and John Bockett, and their heirs, shall and will stand seized of and interested in the said copyhold messuage or tenement, stable, buildings, yard, garden, and premises so purchased from the said Maria Elizabeth Rundell (except the said fifteen rods sold to the said Marmaduke Hart as aforesaid, and all the present and future improvements thereof, in trust for the proprietors of the said assembly rooms ; but, nevertheless, to be considered as between them the said trustees and proprietors, as or in the nature of personal property ; and that all such acts, deeds, and assurances in the law shall be had, made, done, and executed as counsel shall advise, for giving the premises the nature and qualities of personal estate for all legal and equitable purposes whatsoever, and to be subject and liable to the stipulations hereinafter contained, and to such rules and regulations as the proprietors shall adopt at any annual or other general meeting to be holden for the management of the said rooms. **And it is** hereby declared, that the said premises shall be considered and taken as being divided into seventy-five distinct and separate shares, which shall be numbered from 1 to 75, both inclusive, and that each of the said parties hereto shall be entitled to one of such shares, on subscribing and paying to the general fund of the proprietors under the management of the treasurers, the sum of fifty pounds, being the price fixed upon for each share ; and that two or more shares may be held by any proprietor, on subscribing and paying the sum of fifty pounds each for the same. **And it is** agreed, that the said shares, and all transfers thereof, whether by will, deed, or otherwise, shall be entered, in a book to be kept for that purpose under the management of the committee of proprietors, together with the name and address of the proprietor of such share for the time being, before he shall be entitled to receive any privilege, benefit, or dividend in respect thereof. And in as much as the whole seventy-five shares may not be immediately subscribed for, **It is agreed,** that the treasurers for the time being shall hold such share or shares as at any time shall not have been subscribed for, in trust, for the proprietors generally, until such share or shares shall be disposed of. **That** debentures be made out, and delivered to the said proprietors of the said shares, according to the form set forth in the first schedule to these presents, and that the same

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shall be assignable and transferable in the same manner as personal property, but shall not entitle the said proprietors, or their assignees, to any right to use or occupy the said rooms and premises, or any part thereof, other than upon the occasional hiring or letting the same to them, or any of them, or any club or subscription they or any of them may belong to, upon such terms as may be agreed on for that purpose with the committee. **That** a general annual meeting of the proprietors shall be held at the said rooms, for examining and considering the proceedings of the committee, the state of the general fund, and for declaring a dividend among the proprietors, if the fund be sufficient for that purpose, for nominating a committee and two treasurers for the year then next ensuing, and for transacting the general business of the proprietors, on the ninth of October in every year, unless the same happen on a Sunday, and then on the following day. The first annual meeting to be held on the ninth day of October, next after the date of these presents; and that the committee shall give notice in writing to all the proprietors, or cause the same to be given or left at their usual abode, of the day and hour of holding every annual meeting, six days at least previous to the time of holding the same. **That** if more than seven proprietors shall be proposed for the committee at any annual meeting, then the seven proprietors who shall have most votes shall form such committee for the ensuing year; and if two or more of the persons proposed shall have an equal number of votes, the chairman of the meeting shall decide which of them shall be on the committee; and the like method shall be observed in the election of two treasurers. **That** it shall be lawful for the proprietors, at any annual or general meeting, to annul, abolish, or alter any of the rules and regulations herein contained or hereafter agreed to, and make and ordain such other rules and regulations as shall be agreed upon by the majority of the proprietors of such annual or general meeting; and all matters not unanimously agreed to at such meetings, shall be determined by the majority of votes, and the chairman shall have a casting vote. **That** the members of the committee shall meet as often as may be requisite for the dispatch of all business under their management, and to give all necessary directions concerning the said premises; and that they shall proceed therein and adopt such measures, according to their discretion, as they may find convenient and proper. **That** if the committee, or the majority of the members thereof, shall think it requisite to convene a general meeting of proprietors on any subject relative to the concerns of the said institution, it shall and may be lawful for them to convene such meeting accordingly at the said rooms on the first Monday in any month, but not within two months before or after any annual or general meeting, and on giving the proprietors

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or leaving at their usual abode, six days previous notice of the day and hour of meeting, and of the object thereof. **That** if any fifteen proprietors entitled to vote, and exclusive of the committee and treasurers, shall be desirous of convening a general meeting of said proprietors on any subject concerning the said rooms, or any wise connected therewith, or the proprietorship of the said premises, it shall be lawful for any such fifteen proprietors, and they are hereby authorised, to convene a general meeting accordingly at the said rooms, on the first Monday in any month, not happening within two months before or after any annual or general meeting, provided notice in writing be given to the committee, and subscribed by such fifteen proprietors, signifying the form and object of the meeting, and intimation given thereof in writing to the other proprietors, or left at their usual abode, ten days at least previous to the day of meeting. **That** the minutes of all business transacted as well at the annual and general meetings, as at the meetings of the committee, and the resolutions thereof respectively, shall be regularly entered into one or more book or books, to be kept for that purpose under the management of the said committee. **That** any proprietor holding more than one share, shall have as many votes as he may hold shares; but where any share or shares shall become vested in two or more persons, only one of such persons shall vote at such annual or general meeting; and if any dispute shall arise between such two or more persons as to which of them shall vote, it is hereby agreed that such one of them as shall be first named in any deed, will, or other instrument, vesting or conveying the shares to them, shall, in case of such dispute, be the person to vote. **That** on any transfer of any share or shares, whether the same shall happen by assignment, will, or otherwise, every new proprietor shall subscribe the declaration mentioned in the second schedule hereto annexed, and which declaration, in order to be signed, shall be previously entered in a book to be kept for that purpose. **What** the fixtures and furniture in and about the said rooms and premises shall remain under the controul and management of the said committee, with full power to add, to alter, change and vary the same, as the committee shall think fit, but the same shall nevertheless be the property of the proprietors, in such shares as before-mentioned. **And** it is hereby agreed and declared by and between all the said parties hereto, that all disbursements of money, and all charges and expences whatsoever attending the management of the said premises, and all fines, taxes, payments, and outgoings of every description, payable in respect thereof, shall, from time to time, be paid and discharged by the said treasurers out of the funds of the said establishment, or by the proprietors in equal shares; and that the rents of the premises

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demised to the said Thomas Lovelock, and the profits and emoluments to be derived from all the said hereditaments and premises, shall be received by the treasurers for the time being, and duly accounted for in such shares as before-mentioned to the said proprietors. **And** it is hereby further agreed and declared, that upon the death of any of the before-named trustees, or any future trustee, the committee for the time being shall appoint another trustee to be selected and taken from the proprietors, whenever occasion may require; and that the said premises be thereupon regularly surrendered or conveyed to or vested in such new trustee jointly with the others; and that the said trustees be at all times respectively indemnified out of the general fund of the said proprietors, or otherwise by the proprietors equally, against all costs, charges, payments, and expences, in respect to the tenancy or inheritance of the said premises. **In witness whereof**, the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

SIGNATURES OF PROPRIETORS.

Erskine	::	Edward Gordon	::
Sp. Perceval	::	R. Otley, for	} ::
James Abel	::	R. Otley, jun.	
James Abel	::	George Todd	::
John Bockett	::	Robert Ward	::
Jas. Coppinger	::	James Fenton	::
Jas. Coppinger	::	Thomas Kesteven	::
C. Holford	::	Thomas Street	::
Germain Lavie	::	Josiah Holford	::
Thomas Forsyth	::	Josiah Holford	::
John Mavor	::	Thomas Sheppard	::
Philip Godsal	::	Thomas Wilson	::
Philip Lake Godsal	::	John Corfield	::
R. Watts	::	George Bogg	::
Josiah Boydell	::	George Bogg	::
G. Collings	::	Samuel Gambier	::
Charles Pilgrim	::	George Mylne	::
John Edington	::	Thomas N. Longman	::
James Bishop	::	John Dick	::
George Gibson	::	Thomas Roberts	::
John Bliss	::	Thomas Roberts	::
George Ranking	::	Thomas Lownds	::
Charles Cartwright	::	Charles Cooper	::

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Thomas Neave	::	James Craufurd	::
Benjamin Rouse, for	}	Fountain North	::
Benjamin Rouse, jun.		John Rose	::
Jonathan Henry Key	::	Thomas Divett	::
Thomas Roberts, jun.	::	Samuel White	::
Henry Cooke	::	Thomas Langdale	::
John Longley	::	William Fawkener	::
John Newman	::	James Kesteven	::
W. C. Key	::	Abraham Robarts	::
Charles Bosanquet	::	William Norris	::
Thomas Pycroft	::		::
Benjamin Price	::		::
Richard Chambers	::		::
Marmaduke Hart	::		::
Robert Milligan, jun.	::		::
H. G. Key	::		::

SIGNATURES OF THE TRUSTEES.

Charles	::	Holford	—	Germain	::	Lavie
James	::	Coppinger—	John		::	Bockett.

FROGNAL PRIORY.*

The following particulars relating to Frognal Priory—now, of course, demolished—are extracted from Howitt's "Northern Heights." This house was built by a Mr. Thompson, best known by the name of Memory Thompson, or, as stated by others, Memory-Corner Thompson. This Mr. Thompson built the house on a lease of twenty years, subject to a fine to the lord of the manor. He appears to have been an auctioneer and public-house broker, who grew rich, and, having a peculiar taste in architecture and old furniture, built this house in an old English style approaching the Elizabethan. Thompson is said to have belonged to a club of auctioneers or brokers, which met once a week; and at one of these meetings, boasting that he had a better memory than any man living, he offered to prove it by stating

* *Vide* Illustration.

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the name and business of every person who kept a corner shop in the City ; or, as others have it, the name, number, and business of every person who kept a shop in Cheapside. The former statement is the one most received, and is the more probable because Thompson, being a public-house broker, was no doubt familiar with all those corner-haunting drink-houses. Having maintained his boast, he was thence called Memory, or Memory-Corner Thompson ; but his general cognomen was the first. Thompson not only asserted that he built his house on the site of an ancient priory, continuing down to the Dissolution, and inhabited as a suburban house by Cardinal Wolsey, but, as an auctioneer, he had the opportunity of collecting old furniture, pieces of carving in wood, ebony, ivory, etc. With these he filled his house, dignifying his furniture (some of which had been made up from fragments), as having belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, to Queen Elizabeth the Queen of Scots, and other historical magnates. On the marriage of Queen Victoria, he offered for sale a huge old bedstead, as Queen Elizabeth's, with chairs to match, to Her Majesty ; but the Queen declined it. It is said, however, to have been purchased by Government, and to be somewhere in one of the palaces. This bedstead, and the chairs possibly, had some authentic character, as he built a wing of his house especially for their reception. Thompson had an ostensibly magnificent library, containing to all appearance most valuable works of all kinds ; but, on examination, they proved to be only pasteboard bound up and labelled as books. The windows of the chief room were of stained glass. And this great warehouse of articles of real and manufactured antiquity of coins, china, and articles of vertu, became so great a show place that people flocked from far and near to see it. This greatly flattered Thompson, who excluded no one of tolerable appearance, nor restricted visitors to stated hours. It is said that, in his ostentation, he used to leave five-guinea gold pieces about on the window-seats. I have it from a lady who visited there occasionally, that, though this delighted Thompson, it was an incessant nuisance to his family. There was no security for a moment, during daylight, from the inroads of wandering people, who took all for genuine and in perfect taste. There was in consequence no comfort—no one could be at ease. If the bell rang, or the knocker resounded during meal time, the dishes were hurried away that the company might come in. Thompson was always telling the ladies to put things in order. If they went upstairs to dress, they were in constant trepidation, lest people should come and be walked into their rooms. This informant described the gardens as being really beautiful."

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HOLLY TERRACE HOUSE.

Holly Terrace House, of which an illustration is given, stands on the summit of Holly Hill, and is one of the most ancient relics of old Hampstead. It overlooks the garden of University College Preparatory School, and probably occupies the site of the old windmill, from which Windmill Hill derives its name. The building was erected in the early part of the eighteenth century, if not earlier; and although it has naturally undergone occasional repairs, the character of the original structure can be easily traced. The hall and several of the rooms on the ground floor are not much above six feet in height, and are supported by oak beams.

JAMES DUNTON, FISHERMAN.

Cecil Robert Lucas Brooks, of Hampstead, was born on the 10th September, 1872, educated at Elstree School and at Christchurch, Oxford, and died on the 13th April, 1900. The thanks of the Editors are due to his mother for permission to reprint this sketch.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE following is a list of some of the books, which have recently appeared, written or edited by those writers who are associated with Hampstead;

"The Plea of Pan," by H. W. Nevinson; "The Wooing of Sheila," by Grace Rhys; "A Prose Poet of Childhood," by Mrs. Sharman; "A Short History of Renaissance Architecture in England," by R. Blomfield; "Jane Austen, her Home and her Friends," by Constance Hill; "The Lady of Lynn," by Sir Walter Besant; "The Giant's Gate," by Max Pemberton; "Essays of an Ex-Librarian," by Richard Garnett; "In Old Blackfriars," by Beatrice Marshall; "Ideals of Life and Citizenship," by C. E. Maurice; "Clue," by E. A. Abbott; "Two Sides of the Question," by May Sinclair; and in "The Century Bible": edited by Professor W. F. Adeney, *Romans* by the Rev. R. F. Horton, and *Luke* by the Editor.

EDITORS' NOTES.

Again we have the pleasant task of tendering our hearty thanks to the contributors of articles and drawings to this year's *Annual*.

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Our special thanks are due to Miss Quwitch, the Misses Booth Scott, Mr. H. W. Birks, of Highgate, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, and the Hampstead Subscription Library, for permission to reproduce views and portraits, etc., from their collections.







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